

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## TETHERED.

## I.

AN open lake with room for all the sky :  
 Northward wide slopes and then the tall  
     blue chain ;  
 To east the depths of pines, and, closer by,  
 Willows that net the ripples, warping oaks,  
 Cedars, dense elms that hold the wood-doves'  
     cry ;  
 And stretching to the sun, a boundless plain.

On the free lake, on the free river,  
 The swans drift by at rest,  
 Breast the wind's waves in strong en-  
     deavor,  
 Break the clear calm with smooth slow  
     strokes :  
 To north, to south, to east, to west,  
 Swans on lake and river.

## II.

A careful garden where the ivy spreads,  
 Lending a rustic touch to shadowing walls ;  
 And, in the centre space, the patterned beds,  
 Catching the noonday sun, bloom red and  
     gold ;  
 And pollard limes send sweetness o'er our  
     heads ;  
 And there's green lawn, save where their  
     shadow falls.

Lilacs blow first, then carpet posies,  
 Crisp asters find their turn :  
 Proof of each season it encloses,  
 (Even though sparrows are too bold)  
 The garden with the fountain urn,  
 With the shapely posies.

## III.

Swans on the river, on the lake's blue deep :  
 In the walled garden with the limes arow  
 A swan sits in a corner, half asleep,  
 A swan that wears a chain upon his limb,  
 Measured the length that he may come and go ;  
 And he can reach the urn, and has his keep.

On the free lake, on the free river,  
 The swans go who knows where :  
 Guest of the garden, guest forever,  
 Room in the fountain's bath for him,  
 The chain's full length to take the  
     air,  
 Swan enchained forever.

One showed a life's long secret, pitying  
     thus,  
 "Poor swan ! 'tis like a tethered soul of  
     us,"

Good Words. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

## THE SONNET.

MISCALL me not the poet's prison-cage,  
 Albeit of golden woof, his laurel-tree  
 To pattern pruned, Andromeda by the sea  
 Fettered for death, or Phœbus' starveling page !

But learn that Pan in earth's primordial age  
 Sat down in sheer delight to fashion me,  
 Tuning my stops by forest, mount, and lea,  
 To nature's finest notes with fingers sage.

Pan dead, the Tuscan took me and fulfilled  
 With love's immortal music. Shakespeare  
     then

His Titan spirit launched into my mould.  
 Anon to Milton's thunder-song I thrilled,  
 Pulsed with Keats' passionate heart, and  
     unto men

Witnessed with Wordsworth from the  
 solemn wold.

Spectator. ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

## A WINTER PICTURE.

THE winter rime is on the apple-trees ;  
 The mulberries are bare ; no longer shows  
 The graceful pear her wealth of burnished  
     fruit ;  
 Stripped is the slender plum ; the orchard  
     wears

A look of barren sadness ; garnered in  
 Are all its purple, red, and golden fruits,  
 And sterile shall it show till blossom-time.  
 Thus Nature, after labor, takes her rest,  
 Gaining fresh vigor for her teeming-time,  
 By husbanding her strength ; and so the fields,  
 Whereon in autumn glowed the ruddy corn,  
 Lie fallow for a season. 'Tis the time  
 Of universal pause from that hard toil  
 That is the lot of all our husbandmen ;  
 Even the flowers are withered.

And the birds

As silent are as is the scene around  
 Beneath its snowy shroud ; no whistle wakes  
 The echoes of the glade, no melody  
 Comes from the woodland spray ; a deathlike  
     calm,

Serene and still, profound and beautiful,  
 Lies over Nature, as she tranquil sleeps.

Chambers' Journal.

## A QUEST FOR A HEART.

I LOOKED forth from my inmost self,  
 And searched the world throughout ;  
 "My life," I cried, "for one true heart,  
 To swear by without doubt !"

I looked again, and looked in vain,  
 No heart appealed to mine ;  
 "Seek not outside," a voice replied,  
 "For hearts to answer thine."

I looked within, and next mine own,  
 So close that both seemed one,  
 I found the heart — and there it lies ;  
 'Tis yours — my search was done.

Temple Bar.

N. T. B.

From The Edinburgh Review.

SPENSER AS A PHILOSOPHIC POET.\*

It often happens that some eminent characteristic of a great poet has almost escaped observation owing to the degree in which other characteristics, not higher but more attractive to the many, have also belonged to him. Spenser is an instance of this. If it were asked what chiefly constitutes the merit of his poetry, the answer would commonly be, its descriptive power, or its chivalrous sentiment, or its exquisite sense of beauty; yet the quality which he himself desiderated most for his chief work was one not often found in union with these, viz., sound and true philosophic thought. This is the characteristic which we propose to illustrate at present. It was the characteristic which chiefly won for him the praise of Shakespeare:—

Spenser to me, whose *deep conceit* is such

As, passing all conceit, needs no defence;

and it was doubtless the merit to which he owed the influence which Milton acknowledged that Spenser's poetry had exercised over his own. There is more of philosophy in one book of "The Faery Queen" than in all the cantos of his Italian models. In Italy the thinkers were generally astute politicians or recluse theologians; and her later poets, excepting of course Tasso, cared more to amuse a brilliant court with song and light tale than to follow the steps of Dante along the summits of serious song. England, on the other hand, uniting both the practical and the meditative mind with the imaginative instincts of southern lands, had thereby strengthened both that mind and those instincts, and thus occupied a position neither above nor beneath the region of thoughtful poetry. In the latter part of the sixteenth and earlier part of the seventeenth century, she possessed a considerable number of poets who selected, apparently without offence, very grave themes for their poetry. It will suffice to name such writers as Samuel Daniel, John Davies, George Herbert, Dr. Donne, Giles Fletcher, Habington, and, not much later, Dr. Henry More, the Platonist.

\* *The Works of Edmund Spenser*. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Grosart. In 8 vols. London: 1833.

These poets, however, came later than Spenser, and were not a little indebted to him, while yet they were, in some respects, unlike him. Some of them selected themes so abstract and metaphysical as to be almost beyond the limits of true poetic art. The difficulty was itself an attraction to them, and their ambition was more to instruct than to delight. Spenser loved philosophy as well as they, but was too truly a poet to allow of his following her when she strayed into "a barren and dry land," or of his adopting the didactic method when he illustrated philosophic themes. Truth and beauty are things correlative; and very profound truths can be elucidated in verse without the aid of such technical reasoning processes as those with which Dryden conducted his argument in "The Hind and Panther," and Pope in his essays. Spenser's imagination never forsook the region of the sympathies; but it had the special gift of drawing within their charmed circle themes which for another poet must have ever remained outside it, and of suffusing them at once with the glow of passion and with the white light of high intelligence. It is true that he dealt much in allegory; but though allegory is commonly a cold thing—always, indeed, if it be mere allegory—yet whenever Spenser's genius is true to itself, his allegory catches fire, and raises to the heights of song themes which would otherwise have descended to the level of ordinary prose. Had Spenser's poetry not included this philosophic vein, it would not have been in sympathy with a time which produced a Bacon, whose prose is often the noblest poetry, as well as a Sidney, whose life was a poem. At the Merchant Taylors' Grammar School, Bishop Andrews and, as is believed, Richard Hooker, were among his companions; and when he entered Cambridge, Pembroke Hall was at least as much occupied with theological and metaphysical discussion as with classical literature.

We may go further. It was in a large measure the strength of his human sympathies, which at once forced Spenser to include philosophy among the subjects of his poetry, and prevented that philosophy

from becoming unfit for poetry. As he was eminently a poet of the humanities, so his philosophy was a philosophy of the humanities; he could no more have taken up a physiological theme for a poem, like Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island," than a geographical one, like Drayton's "Polyolbion." The philosophy which interested him was that which "comes home to the business and bosoms of men." It was philosophy allied to life — philosophy moral, social, and political. Such philosophy is latent in all great poetry, though it is in some ages only that it becomes patent. It is with his political and social philosophy that we shall begin, proceeding afterwards to his philosophy of man.

We know from Spenser's letter to Sir Walter Raleigh that to embody a great scheme of philosophy was the end which he proposed to himself in writing "The Faery Queen." That poem was to consist of twelve books; and the hero of each was to impersonate one of the twelve moral virtues enumerated by Aristotle. This poem he proposed to follow up by a second, the hero of which was to have been King Arthur after he had acceded to the throne, and which was to have illustrated the political virtues. We learn from Todd's "Life of Spenser" that at a party of friends held near Dublin, in the house of Ludowick Bryskett, the poet gave the same account of his poem, then unpublished, but of which a considerable part had been written. Bryskett, on that occasion, spoke of him as "not only perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in philosophy, both moral and natural."

Unhappily, only half of the earlier romance was written, or at least has reached us, and no part of the second; but much which belongs to the subject of the second poem may be found in fragments scattered over the six books of "The Faery Queen." One of these political fragments vindicates the old claim of poets to be prophets; for the great revolutionary dogma expounded in it is one which, though its earlier mutterings may have been heard at the time of the German Anabaptists, did not "open its mouth" and "speak

great things" for two centuries after Spenser had denounced the approaching imposture. That imposture is the one, now but too well known, which, in the name of justice, substitutes for it the fiction of a universal equality in the interests of which all human society hitherto known is to be levelled down and remodelled. Artegal, Spenser's emblem of justice, rides forth on his mission accompanied by his squire Talus, the iron man, with the iron flail. On the seaside they descry "many nations" gathered together: —

There they beheld a mighty gyant stand  
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie  
An huge great paire of ballaunce in his hand,  
With which he boasted in his surquedrie \*  
That all the world he would weigh equallie,  
If aught he had the same to counterpoize;  
For want whereof he weighed vanity,  
And filled his ballaunce full of idle toys;  
And was admīred much of fools, women, and  
boys.

He said that he would all the earth uptake  
And all the sea, divided each from either;  
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,  
And of the ayre without or wind or weather:  
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell  
together,  
And all that did within them all containe;  
Of all whose weight he would not misse a  
fether;  
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,  
He would to his own part restore the same  
again.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,  
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,  
Like foolish flies about a hony-crooke  
In hope by him great benefit to gain.†

The Knight of Justice here breaks in, and affirms that the giant ought before restoring everything to its original condition, to ascertain, exactly "what was the payse of every part of yore." The giant knows that the best mode to meet an unanswerable reply is by reiteration: —

Therefore I will throw downe these moun-  
tains hie,  
And make them leuell with the lowly plaine,  
These towring rocks which reach unto the  
skie,  
I will thrust down into the deepest maine,

\* Pride.

† Faery Queen, Book V., canto ii., stanza 30.



And as they were them equalize againe.  
Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,  
I will suppress that they no more may  
raine,

And lordings curbe that commons overaw,  
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore  
will draw.

Artegal retorts that what the sea devours  
of the land in one region it surrenders in  
another, and that if the field did not aug-  
ment its stores by drawing decayed mat-  
ter into its bosom, it could not send up  
the living harvest the next year. In all  
this interchange nature but obeys the  
great Creator.

They live, they die, like as He doth ordaine,  
Ne ever any asketh reason why;  
The hills doe not the lowly dales disdain,  
The dales do not the lofty hills envy.  
He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty;  
He maketh subjects to their powre obey;  
He pulleth downe; He setteth up on hie;  
He gives to this; from that He takes away:  
For all we have is His; what He list doe He  
may.

He takes the giant at his word, and bids  
him test his boasted power.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,  
And weigh the winde that under heaven  
doth blow;

Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;  
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind  
doth flow.

But if the weight of these thou canst not  
show,

Weigh but one word which from thy lips  
doth fall;

For how canst thou those greater secrets  
know,

That doest not know the least thing of them  
all?

Ne can he rule the great that cannot reach the  
small.

We have all heard of the English socialist  
whose triumphant appeal, "Tell me, is  
not one man as good as another?" was  
unwittingly confuted by the answer of his  
Irish boon companion, "To be sure he is,  
and better!" So far as equality exists at  
all, it exists not by nature, but through  
man's law, so bitterly inveighed against  
by the advocates of equality; for nature,  
while she is rich in compensations, makes  
no two things equal. Notwithstanding,  
the giant accepts Artegal's challenge.

He places the true and the false in the  
opposed scales of his balance, but can get  
no further:—

For by no means the False will with the Truth  
be wayd.

He next puts right and wrong into his  
scales, but fails once more:—

Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right  
downe-way.

The prophet thus turning out an impostor,  
Talus scales the rock, scourges him with  
his iron flail, flings him into the sea, and  
disperses the multitude.

Spenser, however, does not take one-  
sided views of things. He sees a connec-  
tion between the madness of revolutionary  
idealisms and that tyranny which "maketh  
a wise man mad." Before we make ac-  
quaintance with the giant Equality, we are  
brought to the castle of a bandit chief,  
Pollente, who has grown to wealth through  
extortion.

And daily he his wrongs encreaseth more;  
For never wight he lets to pass that way,  
Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,  
But he him makes his passage-penny pay;  
Else he doth hold him backe, or beat away.  
Thereto he hath a groome of evill guise,  
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth be-  
wray,

Which pols and pils the poore in piteous  
wize,

But he himself upon the rich doth tyrannize.\*

Pollente has a daughter, Munera; to her  
he brings his ill-gotten spoils, and with  
them she has purchased all the country  
round. Eventually Artegal stays the  
giant, and Talus, rejecting the bribes of  
Munera, drags her from under a heap of  
gold, her hiding-place, cuts off her hands,  
which are made of gold, and her feet,  
which are silver, and casts her into the  
flood.

Another ethical craze of our later time  
seems to have been anticipated by Spen-  
ser—that which claims for women all the  
civil and political privileges and functions  
which belong to men, and denounces, as  
the "subjection of woman," even that  
domestic obedience of the wife to the  
husband which is the noblest example of  
willing submission. That a wife's obedi-

\* Book V., canto ii., stanza 6.

ence is based neither on servile fear nor abject self-interest, but on that principle of love which is the characteristic crown of womanhood, is witnessed to in the expression, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall have the rule over thee." The root of that claim to domestic equality which would revolutionize the whole domestic life is patent. Those who sustain it assume that obedience is, even when necessary, still essentially a degradation. This is a "vulgar error." Obedience to a spurious authority, and obedience extorted by mere force, in each of these there exists degradation; but where the obedience is paid willingly, and paid where it is due, there obedience and authority are but two converse forms of excellence, mutually supplemental. This principle of correlative though contrasted forms of excellence was appreciated by the ages of chivalry; children knelt to their parents, and the "faithful servant," who inscribed that name alone on the title-page of his story of the "knight without fear and without reproach," regarded the title "servant" as an honorable one, not less than the title master.

The "Amazon republic" was a Greek conception, and evinced that clearness which belonged to the Greek intelligence alike in its serious and in its sportive moods. The Greek insight perceived at once that, while the equality of the sexes may substantially exist in the way of compensatory advantages and disadvantages, it could not exist in the material form of identical rights and functions. In that form, woman must have either less than equality, or more. The lady who remarked, "I do not want women to take their stand with men on the great stage of life, because unless we sat behind the scenes we could not pull the wires," understood that women possess at present a very real power of their own; and the Athenians said of old, that if Pericles governed Athens, so did his wife, since she governed him, and so did their child, since he governed her. Here is the indirect equality produced by compensation. It is in its complete Amazonian, not its incomplete, form that Spenser deals with this quaint moral problem; and there is a deep sagacity in his mode of solving it. The Knight of Justice hears that a certain Amazon queen Radigund, by way of righting the wrongs of her sex, has established herself in a castle, and that she defies all knights to combat, first binding them to submit to her terms. The Amazon is not actuated by zeal for her sex; next to the

inspiration of pride comes that of spite; and an idle fancy has been followed up by an envenomed grudge. Neither is Artegal's resolve to do battle with the Amazon grounded merely on his sympathy with the knights thus degraded:—

"Now sure," said he, "and by the faith that I  
To maidenhead and noble knighthood owe,  
I will not rest till I her might do try!"

Her masculine claims he regards as an insult to all that is best in maidenhood and womanhood—a virtual denial of their true powers and dignities.

Artegal is victorious at first, and his enemy falls; the knight throws away his sword; the Amazon revives and resumes the fight; Artegal can only step backwards, protecting himself with his shield; she redoubles her blows; and he, by the terms of their battle, becomes her slave. But the battle has not really been fought with equal weapons; and it is owing to her beauty and his weakness that he sits ere long ranged with her other vassals, distaff in hand, and in woman's garb.

The conqueror is punished for her pride. She loses her heart to her captive in spite of her self-scorn, and she fails in her attempt to win his love. Her charm is for him gone. She has lost the power of woman by claiming that which belongs to man; she has snatched at the shadow, and dropped the substance. It is woman that avenges the wrong done to womanhood. Britomart hears that her lover is in distress, and flies to his aid, though she believes that he had forgotten her. The virgin warrioress assails the castle of the Amazon, vanquishes her in single fight, and liberates the captives. Britomart is the loftiest of Spenser's heroines. Another poet would have made her turn in scorn from Artegal when she saw him among the knights plying the distaff. She does not do this. She is not woman unsexed, but woman raised above woman, and therefore woman still. The sacred obedience of love binds her to the better part. When she first saw him amid the servile crew,—

She turned her head aside as nothing glad.

But she looks on him again, and sees, not what is before her, but what she remembers. She makes him lord of the conquered city; and to it she restores peace and gladness.

Let us turn next to Spenser's philosophy considered with reference to the joys and duties of life, personal and domestic. That philosophy was a comprehensive

one, and regarded human life in at least three aspects. The first is the ordinary life of men lived wisely; the second is the life spiritual founded on faith in worlds unseen; the third is life lived unwisely, and dominated either by sensual passion or by pride.

Let us begin with his philosophy of ordinary life when wisely led. It is set forth chiefly in the Second Book, or the Legend of Temperance. The first canto tells us of the husband under a witch's spell, of the self-slain wife, and the deserted babe—all three the victims of lawless passion in the form of corrupt pleasure. In the second canto the destructive passion is anger: two knights strive in fratricidal fury aggravated by the arts of their two lady-loves. These sirens allegorize the Two Extremes, and are contrasted with a third sister, Medina, or the Golden Mean, who endeavors to bring the warring knights to concord. It is not from war that she dissuades them, but from unworthy war. According to Spenser's philosophy, man's condition is by necessity "militant here on earth;" but the wars like the loves of men should have in them little in common with those of the inferior kinds; it was thus that Sidney wrote of "that sweet enemy, France." Rancor in the form of slander and detraction is yet more severely judged than the most relentless war. It is the first offence punished in the temple of justice.

The secret of human happiness, according to Spenser, is self-control, especially in the use of lawful things. It is that dignity in which man was created, and that belongs not to his spirit alone, but to its earthly tabernacle also, which, far more than any servile fear, binds him over to resist all to which that dignity is opposed. The mandates of conscience constitute the true glory and beauty of the world we inhabit. They are "exceedingly broad;" and only in proportion as he rejoices in them while he obeys them, does man possess the "freedom of the city" in which he dwells. Lives ruled by these radiant and benignant laws advance through boundless spaces in security as well as swiftness, like the planets which move without collision through the heavenly regions because they are faithful to their prescribed orbits; while lawless lives break themselves against unseen obstacles, and fall helpless. This is the doctrine illustrated by the ninth canto of the second legend, which describes the House of Temperance. When Guyon and Prince Arthur reach its gates, they find them

barred against the attacks of a barbarous foe. Here we have one of Spenser's Irish experiences:—

As when a swarme of gnats at eventide  
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,  
Their murmuring small trompettas sownden  
wide,

Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,  
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies,  
Ne man, nor beast may rest or take repast  
For their sharp wounds and noyous iniuries,  
Till the fierce northern wind with blustering  
blast

Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean  
cast.\*

The foes at last dispersed—the emblems of the passions that besiege the soul—the gates of the castle are thrown open, and admittance is given to the knights by the princess who keeps state within.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,  
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;  
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,  
And many a lord of noble parentage,  
That sought with her to lincke in marriage;  
For shee was faire, as faire mote ever bee,  
And in the flowre now of her freshest age;  
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,  
That even heven rejoiced her sweete face to  
see.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,  
That from her shoulder to her heele downe  
raught,  
The traine whereof loose far behind her  
strayd,  
Branch'd with gold and perle, most richly  
wrought,  
And borne of two fair damsels which were  
taught  
That service well; her yellow golden heare  
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought;  
No other tire she on her head did weere,  
But crowned with a garland of sweet rosiers.†

Alma entertains her deliverers "with gentle court and gracious delight," and, after they have rested, leads them all round her castle walls. Next she shows them the stately hall set with "tables faire," where all is bounty without excess, and the "goodly parlour" in which sit many beautiful ladies and knights who "them did in modest sort amate," and where even the son of Venus behaves with an approach to discretion.

And eke amongst them little Cupid playd  
His wanton sportes, being retourned late  
From his fierce warres, and having from him  
layd  
His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath  
dismayd.

\* Book II., canto ix., stanza 16.

† Book II., canto ix., stanzas 18-19.

Not all Alma's pupils are yet perfect in her lore. One of these is called "Praise-desire;" she sits "in a long purple pall" with a branch of tremulous poplar in her hand, and to Prince Arthur's demand as to the cause of her sadness she replies that it has come to her from "her great desire of glory and of fame." Another maiden has an opposite fault, an undue fear of human dispraise.

The princess leads the warriors next to a tower which commands a view of far realms. Therein three stately chambers rise one above another, each the cell of a sage. These three sages are emblems of the Future, the Present, and the Past. The walls of one chamber are painted with "infinite shapes of things dispersed there," shadows that flit through idle fantasy to charm or to scare it; devices, visions, wild opinions, and soothsayings. Here abides the sad prophet whose kingdom is the future — a sick imagination.

Amongst them all he sate which wonnèd there,  
That hight Phantastes by his nature true;  
A man of yeares, yet fresh as mote appere,  
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,  
That him full of meláncoly did shew;  
Bent hollow beetle brows, sharp, staring eyes,  
That mad or foolish seemed; one by his vew  
Might deeme him borne with ill-disposed skies,  
When oblique Saturne sate in th' House of Agonies.

The second chamber is painted over with the types of all that imparts dignity to state; magistracies, the tribunals of justice, the triumphs of sciences and arts. This is the kingdom of the present; and the sage who sits in it, a strong man of "ripe and perfect age," though his wisdom has all come "through continual practise and usage," represents practical judgment, and has for his kingdom the present. The third sage symbolizes memory, and the past is his domain.

These three sages are, we are told, severally imperfect, because they dwell apart, each in a world of his own. Each makes too much of what occupies his special field of vision. The fault is that of disproportion, one closely allied to defective self-control. Neither imagination, judgment, nor memory, is fit to rule. These are but Alma's counsellors, each ministering a knowledge which becomes wisdom only when blent with the knowledge of the other two.

Next to a temperate will, the secret of

a happy life, according to Spenser's philosophy, is a contented temper and that humility from which content springs. Such is the lesson taught to Calidore, the Knight of Courtesy, by the old shepherd Melibee. Happiness, he maintains, is from within, not from without: —

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,  
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;

and for this reason he affirms, that those who earn their "daily bread" are the most fortunate. That the lowly condition, when at its best, does not exclude genuine refinement, is a lesson which Calidore learns from Pastorell, the supposed daughter of old Melibee, though in reality a maiden of high degree.

It is while Calidore, a great knight of the Faery Queen's court, dwells with the shepherds, that there is vouchsafed to him that exquisite vision, the emblem of human life, a maiden in maiden attire, and with rosy crown, standing on the summit of a sunny slope environed by the three Graces and a hundred mountain nymphs, who dance around her, and pelt her with roses. That soft and serious human creature in the midst, we are told,

seemed all the rest in beauty to excell.

Hers is the twofold human dower of spiritual greatness and of earthly infirmity; the dancing choir that encircle her are the blameless gifts of "boon nature," and the graces that beautify life. Those elemental powers need no apparel, and wear none. She needs none, and yet she wears one; for the order to which she belongs is bright, not with innocence only, but with modesty, and she is herself a mystery both of sanctity and of gladness. The mortal creature to whom those graces minister has inherited a higher gift than theirs, —

Divine resemblance, beauty souveraine rare.

The quotations we have made express Spenser's estimate of human life when, with its twofold capacities, it has neither risen above ordinary humanity nor fallen below it. It is an estimate in some degree founded on the ancient philosophy, with its *mens sana in corpore sano*, and yet more on that spiritual teaching which regards man's estate as at once peaceful within and militant without: peaceful, because protected from the storms of passion and lawless ambition; militant, because a ceaseless war with evil is an essential part of our earthly probation. With those two conditions of human well-

being Spenser blended another; viz., the constant presence of that high beauty which haunted him wherever he went, alike amid the splendor of courts and in lonely vales, and which he regarded as one of God's chief gifts to man. The spirit of beauty is ever accompanied in Spenser's poetry with the kindred spirits of gladness and of love—a gladness which has nothing in common with mere pleasure, and a love which rises far above its counterfeits. With him man's nobler affections are not mere genial impulses; they are themselves virtues girdling in an outer circle those Christian virtues that stand around humanity, as in Calidore's vision the mountain nymphs encompassed those three Graces who ministered to the rose-crowned maiden. The mode in which Spenser associated the virtues as well as the graces with his special idea of womanhood—an idea very remote from that common in our days—is nowhere more beautifully illustrated than in Book IV., c. x., where Scudamour describes the temple of Venus and the recovery of his lost Amoret.

Into the inmost temple thus I came,  
Which fuming all with frankinsence I found,  
And odours rising from the altars flame;  
Upon a hundred marble pillars round  
The roof up high was reered from the  
ground,  
All deck'd with crownes and chaynes and  
girlonds gay,  
And thousand precious gifts worth many a  
pound,  
The which sad lovers for their vows did pay;  
And all the ground was strewd with flowers as  
fresh as May.

In the midst stands on the chief altar the  
statue of the goddess, to whom they sing  
a hymn. Round the steps of the altar sit  
many fair forms:—

The first of them did seeme of riper yeares  
And graver countenance than all the rest;  
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,  
And unto her obayed all the best.  
Her name was Womanhood; that she ex-  
prest  
By her sad semblant, and demeanure wyse;  
For stedfast still her eyes did fixèd rest,  
Ne roved at random after gazers guyse,  
Whose luring baytes oftymes doe heedlesse  
harts entyse.

And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,  
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,  
Ne ever once did looke up from her dais,  
As if some blame of evil she did feare,  
That in her cheek made roses oft appeare;  
And her against sweet Cherefulesse was  
placed,

Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening  
cleare,  
Were deckt with smyles that all sad humours  
chased,  
And darted forth delights, the which her  
goodly graced.

And next to her sate sober Modestie,  
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;  
And her against sate comely Curtesie,  
That unto every person knew her part;  
And her before was seated overthwart  
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,  
Both linckt together never to dispart;  
Both gifts of God not gotten but from  
thence,  
Both girlonds of his saints against their foes  
offence.

Thus sate they all around in seemly rate;  
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,  
Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,  
The which was all in lilly white arrayd,  
With silver streames amongst the linnen  
strey'd;  
Like to the Morne when first her shining  
face  
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd,  
That same was fairest Amoret in place,  
Shyning with beauties light, and heavenly ver-  
tues grace.\*

Scudamour stands in doubt—

For sacrilege me seemed the church to rob.

Observing, however, a smile on the coun-  
tenance of the goddess, he persists:—

She often prayd, and often me besought  
Sometimes with tender tears to let her goe,  
Sometimes with witching smyles; but yet  
for nought

That ever she to me could say or doe  
Could she her wishèd freedom fro me woove,  
But forth I led her through the temple gate.

It is easy to trace the same benignant philosophy in all these descriptions. The wisely led life is a life of truth, of simplicity, of justice, of human sympathy and mutual kindness, of reverence for humanity in all its relations, and of reverence for God. The unwise life is the opposite of these things.

But the ordinary human life, even when wisely led, constitutes in part only Spenser's ideal of human life. It includes an extraordinary portion, a mountain land ascending high above the limit of perpetual snow. This is the life which seriously aims at perfection, the life lived "from above," and of which faith and truth are not the regulative only but the constitutive principles. It is set forth in the first book and tenth canto of "The Faery

\* Book IV., canto x., stanza 52.



Queen." Una has discovered that the Red-Cross Knight, though zealous for the good, is as yet but scantily qualified by knowledge or strength for that enterprise on which he was missioned from the Faery Court. That he may learn goodly lore and goodly discipline, she brings him to the House of Holiness. It is presided over by one who represents heavenly wisdom.

Dame Cœlia men did her call, as thought  
From heaven to come, or thither to arise;  
The mother of three daughters, well up-  
brought

In goodly thews and godly exercise;  
The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,  
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were,  
Though spoused, yet wanting wedlock's  
solemnize;

But faire Clarissa to a lovely fere  
Was linkèd, and by him had many pledges  
dere.\*

At the gateway sits a porter, Humiltà.  
Entering, Una and her knight find them-  
selves in a spacious palace court, whence  
"a francklin faire and free," by name Zeal,  
ushers them to a stately hall. There they  
are welcomed by "a gentle squire, hight  
Reverence."

We are next introduced to Cœlia's  
daughters, Faith and Hope. Spenser  
describes them as Raphael would have  
done, had he painted in words:—

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,  
Loe, two most goodly virgins came in place,  
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise;  
With countenance demure, and modest  
grace,

They numbred even steps and equall pace;  
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,  
Like sunny beams threw from her christall  
face,

That could have dazed the rash beholder's  
sight,  
And round about her head did shine like  
heaven's light.

She was arayèd all in lilly white,  
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
With wine and water filld up to the hight,  
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,  
That horreur made to all that did behold;  
But she no whitt did change her constant  
mood:

And in her other hand she fast did hold  
A booke, that was both signd and seald with  
blood;

Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be  
understood.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,  
Was clad in blew that her besemèd well;  
Not all so chearful seemèd she of sight,  
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell

\* Book I., canto x., stanza 4.

Or anguish in her hart, is herd to tell:  
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,  
Whereon she leanèd ever as befell;  
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,  
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swervèd other  
way.\*

A groom, Obedience, leads the youthful  
knight to the guest-house; and the next  
day Fidelia begins to instruct him in her  
sacred book "with blood ywritt;"

For she was able with her wordes to kill,  
And raize againe to life the hart that she did  
thrill.

And when she list poure out her larger  
spright,  
She would command the hasty sun to stay,  
Or backward turne his course from heven's  
hight.

The knight waxes daily as in knowledge  
so proportionately in repentance; but  
Speranza teaches him to take hold of her  
silver anchor; and Patience, a kindly  
physician, pours balms into the wounds  
inflicted on him by Penance. He is next  
consigned to a holy matron, Mercy, that  
he may have a share in all her holy works.  
Mercy leads him into her great hospital

In which seven bead-men that had vowed all  
Their life to service of high heaven's king

initiate him, each into the duties which  
belong to his several function, the office  
of the first being to provide a home for  
the homeless, of the second to feed the  
hungry, of the third to provide raiment for  
"the images of God in earthly clay," of  
the fourth to release captives, of the fifth  
to tend the sick, of the sixth to inter the  
dead, of the seventh to take charge of the  
widow and the orphan. With all these  
sacred ministrations the knight is suc-  
cessively made acquainted, and thus fitted  
for a glimpse into the more exalted re-  
gion of contemplation and the interior  
life.

Thence forward by that painful way they  
pass

Forth to a hill that was both steepe and hy,  
On top whereof a sacred chapel was,  
And eke a little hermitage thereby,  
Wherein an agèd holy man did lie,  
That day and night said his devotion,  
Ne other worldly business did apply;  
His name was heavenly Contemplation;  
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him given had;  
For God he often saw from heven's hight;  
All were his earthly even both blunt and bad,  
And through great age had lost their kindly  
sight,

\* Book I., canto x., stanza 12.



Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his  
spright,  
As eagle's eye that can behold the sunne.\*

Hearing that the youth has been sent to him by Fidelia to learn "what every living wight should make his marke," the aged man shows him the celestial city descending from heaven.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see  
The blessed angels to and fro descend  
From highest heaven in gladsome companee,  
And with great joy into that city wend,  
As commonly as friend does with his friend.†

The knight exclaims in ecstasy, "What need of arms since peace doth ay remain?" He is answered that his task must be accomplished before he is fit to enter into his rest; but that notwithstanding, whilst laboring on earth, he is to be a citizen of the heavenly city as well as of God's city on earth.

Such is that supernatural life, at once active and contemplative, which, according to Spenser's philosophy, admits of being realized even upon earth by its choicer spirits. Between the two lives there is much in common as well as much diversity. In each life man's course is a warfare: in the ordinary life man has to fight against his own passions, and against all who would injure his fellow-man; in the extraordinary life the combat becomes one for the establishment of a divine kingdom. In each the joy of life comes largely from beauty and from love; but in the sublimer life both of these are spiritual things. In both lives fame is won, but only in the higher is it the direct voice of God. In both there is commonly suffering, but in the higher that suffering is purification. The higher life has for its patrons Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa, with whom are conjoined that other triad, Humility, Patience, and Purity; but those twelve virtues known of old are also ministering spirits to both lives, and belong to a cognate race; while that great mother virtue, Reverence, the mystic Cybele of the House of Virtues, is the connecting link between the two classes of virtues. The higher life is as superior to the lower as the statue is to the pedestal; but that pedestal is yet hewn out of the same Parian marble. The ordinary human life, when wisely led, is thus the memorial of a more heroic life, once man's portion, and destined to be his again, and not the mere culmination of the life which belongs to

the inferior kinds, as Epicurus esteemed it.

The contemplative sage tells the Red-Cross Knight that, though he knows it not, he is himself sprung from the race of England's ancient kings.

From thence a faery thee unweeting reft,  
There as thou slep'st in tender swadling band,

And her base elfin brood there for thee left:  
Such men do chaungelings call, so chaunged  
by faeries' theft.

According to Spenser's estimate, humanity itself is such a changeling, and perpetually betrays its lofty origin. Spenser's philosophy, both of the humbler and the more exalted human life, will be best understood when contrasted with the two chief forms of life depraved, as illustrated by him. A large part, perhaps too large a part, of his poem is given to this subject; but it will suffice here briefly to sketch his general scheme of thought. Moral evil he contemplates in two aspects, that of the body insurgent against the soul, and that of the soul insurgent against its Maker, or passion on the one side and pride on the other. The former vice is rebuked chiefly in Book II., the Legend of Temperance, and the latter in the Legend of Holiness, or Book I. In the Legend of Temperance passion is exhibited in its two predominant forms of sensuality and ambition. The perils and degradations of an animalized life are shown under the allegory of Sir Guyon's sea voyage with its successive storms and whirlpools, its "rock of Reproach" strewn with wrecks and dead men's bones, its "wandering islands," its "quicksands of Unthriftihead," its "whirlpools of Decay," its sea monsters, and lastly its "bower of bliss," and the doom which overtakes it, together with the deliverance of Acrasia's victims, transformed by that witch's spells into beasts. Still more powerful is the allegory of worldly ambition, illustrated under the name of "the cave of Mammon." The Legend of Holiness delineates with not less insight those enemies which wage war upon the spiritual life. As the aims of that life are the highest man proposes to himself, so its foes are the most insidious. Una, the heroine of this legend, means truth; and the first enemy with whom her knight has to contend is Error, a serpent woman, with her monstrous brood. A craftier foe assails him soon, the magician Archimago, or Hypocrisy. Separated by him from truth, the knight becomes subjected to false-

\* Book I., canto x., stanza 47.

† Book I., canto x., stanza 56.

hood and delusion, emblemed in Duessa, by whom he is lured to the House of Pride, the great metropolis of sin in its most exasperated form, that of a spiritual revolt. He next becomes the thrall of Orgoglio, the giant son of Earth, or pride in its vulgar form of a vainglorious and animal strength.

In the latter legend the vices which make up the life of pride, in the former those which make up the life of lawless sense, are exhibited with a keen insight and deep moral logic. In those two forms of evil life the three pagan champions, Sans foy, Sans-love, and Sans-joy, have a part corresponding with that which the Christian virtues, Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa, sustain in the spiritual life. A certain symmetry, perhaps undesigned, always makes its way into Spenser's poetry. The philosophic poet's mind is, indeed, by nothing more marked than by this unintended and often unconscious congruity in its conceptions, and the entire coherency of part with part in its descriptions. Thence proceeds the harmony constantly found in Spenser's poetry, as long as he resists his unhappy tendency to allude covertly to the persons and events of his day, and deals in simplicity with the great ethical theme with which his genius had deliberately measured itself. Such harmony is the most conclusive proof that a poet does not write at random, but has "a vision of his own," and a vocation to set it forth.

We have hitherto confined our remarks to Spenser's philosophy of human life, first in its social and political relations, and secondly in those of a domestic or individual character. Occasionally however, his philosophy made excursions into regions more remote, and dealt with subjects more recondite than these his favorite themes. To do justice to his genius we must note the two most remarkable of these excursions. Ten years after Spenser's death the first six books of "The Faery Queen" were republished with a fragment of the lost second part, consisting of "two cantos of Mutabilitie." In this fragment there is a simple largeness of conception, and a stern grandeur of expression, which suggests the thought that the latter half of his work would probably have surpassed the earlier in mature greatness. It belongs essentially to Spenser's philosophic vein, and embodies a train of dark and minatory thoughts, though they issue gradually into light, on the instability of all things human—thoughts such as might naturally have presented

themselves to a philosopher in an age when much which had lasted a thousand years was passing away. In the remotest parts of Europe omens of change were heard, like those vague murmurs in the polar regions which announce the breaking up of the ice; and in Ireland unfriendly echoes of those voices muttered near and nearer around that ruined mansion, one of old Desmond's hundred castles, within whose halls some strange fortune had harbored the gentlest of England's singers. The "temple-haunting" bird had indeed selected a "coigne of vantage," and hung there his "pendent bed and procreant cradle;" but he had been no "guest of summer," nor at any time had "heaven's breath smelt wooingly by his loved mansionry." It was from a securer abode, in the heart of the Rydalian laurels, that musings as solemn, though less sad, prompted the dirge of the modern poet as he looked upon England's ruined abbeys:—

From low to high doth dissolution climb,  
And sinks from high to low, along a scale  
Of awful notes whose concord shall not fail.\*

The poet of Faery Land sees a prophet's vision ascending out of the cloud that rests on the pagan days. A portent, not a god, but more powerful than the gods, and boasting a lineage more ancient, a child of Titan race, one more warlike than Bellona and more terrible than Hecate, both of them her sisters, claims a throne higher than that of those later Olympians who had cast down an earlier hierarchy of gods. Her name is Mutability. She had witnessed their victory; she had given it to them; why should they not acknowledge her as their suzeraine? On earth she had established her reign in completeness, and not over men alone. The seas had left dry their beds at her command, continents had sunk beneath the waves, mountains had fled like clouds, rivers had filled their mouths with desert sands, kingdoms had risen and fallen, and the languages which recorded their triumphs had died:—

That all which Nature had establish first  
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,  
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst.

Nor she the laws of Nature onely brake,  
But eke of justice and of policie,  
And wrong of right, and bad of good did  
make,  
And death for life;

It remains for her but to reign in heaven

\* Wordsworth, Ecclesiastical Sketches, part iii.

as on earth—not in the majesty of a divine law, but in lawlessness become omnipotent. This portent scales the heavens, making way at once to the most changeful of its luminaries, Cynthia's sphere.

Her sitting on an ivory throne she found,  
Drawn of two steeds, th' one black, the  
other white,  
Environed with tenne thousand starres  
around,  
That duly her attended day and night;  
And by her side there ran her page, that  
hight  
Vesper, whom we the evening starre intend;  
That with his torche, still twinkling like  
twilight,  
Her lightened all the way where she would  
wend,  
And joy to weary wandring travellers did lend.

Boldly she bid the goddesse down descend,  
And let herself into that ivory throne;  
For she herself more worthy thereof weend,  
And better able it to guide alone;  
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,  
Or unto gods, whose state she did maligne,  
Or to the infernal powers.\*

Cynthia scorns the intruder, and "bending her horned brows did put her back."

The Titaness raises her hand to drag the radiant and inviolate divinity from her seat. The result is narrated in a passage of marvellous sublimity. Dimness falls at once on that glittering throne and the "fire-breathing stars" that surround it; and, at the same moment, the eclipse reaches the earth, perplexing its inhabitants with fear of change, and ascends to the seat of the gods. They rush simultaneously to the palace of Jove,

Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine.

The father of the gods reminds them that long since the giant brood of earth had piled mountain upon mountain in vain hope to storm "heaven's eternal towers," and tells them that this anarchy is but the last offspring of that evil blood. While the gods are still in council, the strange visitant is in among them. For a moment she is awed by that great presence; the next, she advances her claim. Jove had dethroned his father, Saturn; her own father, Titan, was Saturn's elder brother. On earth she has hitherto abode an exile, yet there she has conquered all things to herself. She demands at last her birthright, the throne of heaven. An inferior poet would have made this portent hideous as well as terrible. Spenser

knew better. He knew that revolution and destruction wear often on their countenances a baleful loveliness of their own, for which many a victim, disinterested in madness, has willingly died. The following lines are in Homer's grandest vein:—

Whil'st she thus spake, the gods that gave  
good ear  
To her bold words, and marked well her  
grace,  
Being of stature tall as any there  
Of all the gods, and beautiful of face  
As any of the goddesses in place,  
Stood all astonished; like a sort of steeres,  
'Mongst whom some beast of strange and  
ferraine race  
Unwares is chaunced, far straying from his  
peeres;  
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden  
feares.

For Jove alone the portent has no terrors:—

Whom what should hinder but that we like-  
wise  
Should handle as the rest of her allies,  
And thunder-drive to hell? With that he  
shooke  
His nectar-deawed locks, with which the  
skyes  
And all the world beneath for terror quooke  
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he  
tooke.

But when he looked on her lovely face,  
In which fair beams of beauty did appeare,  
That could the greatest wrath soon turn to  
grace  
(Such sway doth beauty, even in heaven,  
beare),  
He staide his hand; and having changed his  
cheere,  
He thus againe in milder wyse began:  
"But ah! if gods should strive with flesh  
yfare,  
Then shortly should the progeny of man  
Be rooted out; if Jove should do still what he  
can."

He bids her submit. The Titaness summons Jove to meet her before the tribunal of an impartial arbiter; and by nothing does the poet more subtly impress us with the magic power of this strange claimant, than by the Thunderer's consent to leave his Olympian throne, and stand her co-suitor before an alien potentate. That potentate is one whom our age challenges more often than Spenser's did. Her appeal is to the "God of nature." The place of judgment is

upon the highest heights  
Of Arlo-hill (who knows not Arlo-hill?)  
That is the highest head in all men's sights

\* Two Cantos of Mutability, canto vi., stanzas 5, 6, and 9.

Of my old father, Mole, whom shepherd's  
quill  
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rural  
skill.

"Old Mountain Mole," a name as familiar as that of the river Mulla, his daughter, to the readers of Spenser, designates the Galtee range which rises to nearly the height of three thousand feet at the north-east of Kilcoleman. Arlo-hill is Galtymore, and overhangs the glen of Arlo, now spelt Aherlo. This mountain range is here constituted by him a Parnassus of the north, and he tells us how that glen was long frequented by the gods, and especially by Cynthia, and how it was forsaken by the latter because she had there been betrayed by one of her nymphs, Molanna, while bathing in her favorite brook, to the gaze of "foolish god Faunus."

Since which, those woods and all that goodly  
chase

Doth to this day with wolves and thieves  
abound;

Which too, too true that land's indwellers  
since have found.

Those "thieves" were the original dwellers on Desmond's confiscated lands, who had taken refuge in the forests surrounding the Galtees. There is a profound pathos in the last line quoted, one which may possibly have been written but the day before those wild bands issued from the woods of Arlo, and wrapped in flame the castle of its poet, thus grimly closing the four wedded and peaceful years of his Irish life.

On the appointed day the gods assemble on Arlo Hill — the gods of heaven, of the sea, and of the land (for the infernal powers, we are told, might not appear in that sacred precinct), and not the gods alone but all other creatures. In the midst "great dame Nature" makes herself manifest. She is invested with attributes so mysterious, and tending so much towards the infinite, as to suggest the thought that Spenser, in some of his lonely musings, had occasionally advanced to the borders of a philosophy little guessed of in his own time. Some such philosophy has sometimes set up a claim like that of Spenser's Titaness, and striven to push religion from her throne. According to Spenser's teaching, those pretensions derive no countenance from Nature. Nor was the cause of Mutability that of political revolution alone; it was also that of unbelief, of lawlessness against law, and of endless restlessness against endless peace.

Then forth issewed (great goddess) great  
dame Nature,

With goodly port and gracious majesty,  
Being far greater and more tall of stature  
Than any of the gods or powers on hie;

Yet certes by her face and physnomy,  
Whether she man or woman inly were,  
That could not any creature well descry,

For with a veile that wimpled every where  
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none  
appeare.\*

Nature, we are told, is terrible, because she devours whatever exists; and yet beautiful, for she is ever teeming with all things fair. So far she resembles the Titaness, but only so far. The glory of her face is such that the face itself is never seen by mortal eye. To each man she is but as a semblance descried in a mirror. The soul of each man is that mirror, and according to what that soul *is* she *seems*. Her veil is never withdrawn.

That, some doe say, was so by skill devised,  
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew  
From mortall eyes that should be sore  
agrizd,

For that her face did like a lion shew,  
That eye of wight could not indure to view;  
But others tell that it so beauteous was,  
And round about such beams of splendour  
threw,

That it the sunne a thousand times did pass,  
Ne could be seen but like an image in a glass.

She sits enthroned upon the level summit of the hill, and the earth instantaneously sends up a pavilion of mighty trees that wave above her in adoration their branches laden with bloom and blossom; while the sod bursts into flower at her feet, and old Mole exults

As if the love of some new nymph late seene  
Had in him kindled youthful fresh desire.

The Titaness draws near to this venerable being,

This great grandmother of all creatures bred,  
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld,  
Still moving, yet unmoved from her sted;  
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld;

and appeals to her against the king of the gods,

Since heaven and earth are both alike to  
thee;

And gods no more than men thou dost  
esteem:

For even the gods to thee as men to gods do  
seeme.†

The Titaness impeaches, not Jove only, but all the gods, for having arrogated to

\* Canto vii., stanza 5.

† Canto vii., stanza 6.

themselves, as divinities supernatural, what belongs to Nature only, and to herself as Nature's vicegerent. She insists that she has conquered to herself all the elements, not the land and the sea only; for the fire does not belong to holy Vesta, nor the air to the queen of the gods, but both alike to her. She summons witnesses, and at the command of Nature her herald, Order, causes them to circle in long procession around the throne. First come the four Seasons, next the twelve Months. Here is one of the pictures:—

Next came fresh April, full of lustihead,  
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds;  
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led  
Europa floting through the Argolick fluds;  
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,  
And garnished with girlonds goodly dight  
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds  
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he  
seemed in sight

With waves through which he waded for his  
love's delight.\*

The Hours follow, and the pageant is  
closed by Life and Death.

The Titaness next turns to Nature, and makes, in the name of all who have passed before her, their common confession; it is that all alike live but by change, and are vassals of Mutability. The father of gods and men replies. His answer consists less in the denial of aught that is affirmative in her statement than in the supplying of what that statement had ignored:—

Then thus 'gan Jove: "Right true it is that  
these

And all things else that under heaven dwell  
Are chaunged of Time, who them doth all  
disseize

Of being: but who is it (to me tell)

That Time himselfe doth move and still  
compell

To keepe his course? Is not that namely  
Wee

Which pour that virtue from our heavenly  
cell,

That moves them all and makes them  
chaunged be?

So then we gods do rule, and in them also  
thee.

The reply of Mutability is simply an appeal from reason, interpreting objects of sense, to the mere senses when they have discarded reason:—

But what we see not, who shall us persuade?

Again she enumerates her triumphs, and

demands a verdict in terms which surreptitiously remove the cause from the higher courts of Nature's judicature, and confine it to one created by herself. But Nature takes counsel not with eye and ear only, but with mind and spirit also:—

So having ended, silence long ensued;  
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,  
But with firm eyes affixed the ground still  
view'd.

Meanwhile all creatures looking in her face,  
Expecting th' end of this so doubtful case,  
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,  
To whether side should fall the sovereign  
place;

At length she, looking up with cheerful view,  
The silence brake, and gave her doom in  
speeches few.

I well consider all that ye have sayd,  
And find that all things stedfastness doe hate  
And changed be: yet being rightly wayed,  
They are not changed from their first estate;  
*But by their change their being do dilate;*  
And turning to themselves at length againe  
Doe worke their own perfection so by fate;  
Then over them Change doth not rule and  
raigne,

But they raigne over Change, and do their  
states maintaine.

Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,  
And thee content thus to be ruled by me;  
For thy decay thou seek'st by thy desire;  
But time shall come that all shall chaunged  
bee,

*And from thenceforth none no more change  
shall see.*

So was the Titanesse put downe and whist,  
And Jove confirmed in his imperiall See.

Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,  
And Nature's selfe did vanish, whither no man  
wist.\*

According to the philosophy of Spenser it was impossible that Mutability should enjoy a final triumph, because her true function is to minister through change to that which knows no change. Revolution is but a subordinate element in a system which includes a recuperative principle, and tends ever to the stable. To the undiscerning eye things seem to pass away; to the half-discerning they seem to revolve merely in a circle; but the motion is in reality upward as well as circular; as it advances, it ascends in a spiral line; and as it ascends it ever widens. When the creation has reached the utmost amplitude of which it was originally made capable, it must then stand face to face with the Creator, and in that high solstice it must enter into the Sabbath of his endless rest.

\* Canto vii., stanza 33.

\* Canto vii. of Mutability, stanza 59.



Thus only could it reflect the divine perfection after which it was created. To understand this teaching, we must bear in mind its complement in another part of Spenser's philosophy. He held with Plato that all things great and abiding, whether in the material or the moral world, were created after the pattern of certain great ideas existing eternally in the mind of the Creator, inseparable from his essence, and in it alone perfectly realized. Creation is thus a picture of the uncreated; and the cyclical revolutions of time present an image of eternity, notwithstanding that the "opposition of matter" renders it impossible that that picture should ever be wholly faithful to its great original. Turning our eyes downward, we trace the same law in the descending grades of being. It is thus that man, himself the mirror of the divine, is mirrored, though with a corresponding inferiority, by the inferior animals which, not only in their chief affections, but in their intellectual processes, and often even in their social politics, rehearse, on a lower stage, parts which man is permitted to enact more nobly on a higher one. But between the creatures thus ranged on the lower and the higher stages of creation there exists one great difference: those only that occupy the highest platform possess the gift of secure progress. That progress is made through striving and pain: the whole life of man here below, whether his individual or his social life, was regarded by Spenser as a noble warfare destined to end in victory and peace. Through such probation it becomes from age to age a vaster and a purer thing; and its mutations, notwithstanding the confusions and the sufferings they entail, are but the means through which virtue ascends, and knowledge grows wider.

Among the chief ministering spirits through whom this final development of humanity is to be effected, are the twelve great virtues of the ancient philosophy, the illustration of which he had selected as the theme of his song. That change completed, humanity is, as Spenser's philosophy teaches, to gaze open-eyed on divinity, to be changed into its likeness, and to enter into its rest. Wordsworth, in his "Vernal Ode," recognizes also in the cyclical revolutions of time an image of eternity; but he does not in that poem, though he does in his "Stanzas on the Power of Sound," affirm that, their work accomplished, there remains for man an endless Sabbath. Spenser ends his legend with an aspiration:—

O that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's sight!

This is the voice of a spirit wearied with the storms of our lower sphere, but not daunted or weakened by them. No one can read the last verse without joining in the gentle poet's prayer.

We cannot close our remarks on Spenser's philosophy without a reference to a very remarkable canto of his "Faery Queen," in which he blends his musings on humanity with others on nature, and on what is higher than nature, and thus crosses the path of the old-world philosophic poet Lucretius, who also discoursed of nature and man's life, leaving in his philosophy a very little corner for the "immortal gods," who seem, indeed, to have had little business there, and indeed to have been admitted but by courtesy. Spenser's philosophic reverie will be found in his Garden of Adonis (Book III., canto vi.). Human life as there described has nothing in common either with that higher, that ordinary, or that depraved form of life illustrated by him elsewhere. It is not an actual but a potential life, the conception of an existence neither fallen nor restored, and of an earth with neither benediction nor malediction resting upon it; an earth with one sorrow only, the transience of all things. The garden is the domain of an endless productiveness, decay, and renewal. In it abide perpetually the archetypal forms of living things:—

There is the first seminary  
Of all things that are born to live and dye,  
According to their kinds.

The ever-teeming soil is encircled by two walls, one of iron and one of gold:—

And double gates it had which opened wide,  
By which both in and out men moten pas;  
Th' one faire and fresh, th' other old and dried;

Old Genius the porter of them was,  
Old Genius the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend  
All that to come into the world desire;  
A thousand thousand naked babes attend  
About him day and night, which doe require  
That he with fleshly weeds will them attire;  
Such as him list, such as eternal fate  
Ordaigned hath, he clothes with sinful mire,  
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,  
Till they agayn returne, back by the hinder gate.\*

Their condition is an endless alternation of glad life and painless decay.

\* Garden of Adonis, Book III., canto vi., stanza 32.



After that they againe retourned beene  
They in that garden planted bee agayne,  
And grow afresh, as they had never seene  
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne:  
Some thousand yeeres so doen they there  
remayne,

And then of him are clad with other hew,  
Or sent into the changefull world agayne,  
Till thether they return, where first they  
grew;

So like the wheele arownd they ronne from  
old to new.

Countless swarms perish successively, yet  
the stock is never lessened;

For in the wide wombe of the world there  
lyes

In hateful darkness, and in deepe horrore

An huge eternal Chaos, which supplies  
The substances of Nature's fruitful progenyes.

The substance is immortal; the successive forms "are variable and decay," for though they have but one foe, with him they cannot contend. That enemy is "wicked Time," who mows down all things with his scythe.

Yet pitty often did the gods relent

To see so faire things mard and spoiled  
quight:

And their great mother Venus did lament

The losse of her deere brood, her deere delight.

Her realm has this sorrow alone. It is unshaken by jealousy or pain, doubt or shame. Over this central seat of her rolling sphere there rests "the stillness of the sleeping poles." Here the springtide and the harvest-tide blend, and the autumnal vine overhangs the vernal elm. Here grows

every sort of flowre

To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore.

Here Venus finds at will her lost Adonis  
where she laid him dead —

And sooth, it seems, they say; for he may  
not

For ever dye, and ever buried bee

In baleful night, where all things are forgot;

All be he subject to mortalitie,

*Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,*

*And by succession made perpetual,*

Transformed oft, and changed diverslie;

For him the father of all formes they call;

Therefore needs mote he live that living gives  
to all.

There are passages in this poem, as we have said, which remind us of Lucretius, but the contrast is greater than the resemblance. What in the Latin poet is a cynical, though imaginative, materialism becomes transfigured in the verse of one whose touch changes matter itself into

spirit. The lower side of the philosophy receives its interpretation from the higher, and becomes, though not the whole truth, yet a portion of it. If the seeds of all bodies spring up spontaneously from the fruitful soil, yet souls innumerable throng the air above them, and it is their breath that imparts life to their "fleshy weeds." If no gardener is needed there "to sett or sow," yet nature only thus exercises a sacred might bestowed on her by one who is above nature, and has commanded her to increase. Whatever she may be in Cythera or Paphos, the goddess of love is here a true *Venus Genetrix*, a power, compassionate and benign, more the mother than the wife, bringing forth, not in sorrow but in gladness. A healing influence works on through creation; nature is no more suffered to prey on her own offspring; the wild boar of the forest which slew Adonis, and ever wars on youth and strength, is "imprisoned in a strong rocky cave." In this earlier "island valley of Avilion," humanity heals its ancient wound, and awaits the better day. The spirit of hope here triumphs over the Lucretian spirit of despair.

The teaching of the pessimist philosopher of antiquity, whose ambition was to draw the most original of poems out of the wildest system of physics — like sunbeams extracted from cucumbers — was the opposite of this, except in points of detail. Not our world only but all worlds were fated to perish utterly, leaving behind them nothing but a whirl of atoms to fill their place; that is, they were to end like his own poem, which closes significantly with the plague at Athens. A few remarks will not here be out of place comparing the great Latin philosophical poet, as he is commonly regarded, with the English philosophic poet of the Elizabethan period. Each of them found his country passing through a momentous crisis; each must have largely affected its growing intelligence for good or for evil; each had great poetic gifts, and in some respects similar gifts, for Lucretius, like Spenser, had an ardent imagination, a descriptive power till his time unrivalled, vivid imagery, impassioned eloquence, and remarkable gifts of style, diction, and metre; and each united the courage with the perseverance needful for success in a high enterprise of song. A poet is best understood when compared with another, at once like him and unlike.

The great difference between the two philosophic poets lay in those moral and spiritual constituents of man's being by

which the action of his imagination as well as of his understanding is secretly directed. In Spenser there lived an abiding spirit of reverence; and therefore for him all phenomena received their interpretation from above: for Lucretius it came from below; and his delight was to show how all great things are but small things making the most of themselves. The intellect of Spenser was a far-reaching one; it descried the remote analogy; it discerned what is lost alike upon the sensual heart and the merely logical intelligence; it accepted high thoughts as authentic if at once recommended by venerable authorities and in harmony with universal aspirations, whether or not their nature rendered them susceptible of dialectic proof. It could retain a serene faith when shrewdness winked and grimaced; and it could no less abstain from credulity when challenged by philosophic theories recommended chiefly by their strangeness and their confidence. Lucretius, on the other hand, had a vigorous but an animal intellect. He saw the wonderfulness of matter not more keenly than Spenser, who understood its witcheries perhaps but too well; but he was so dazzled by it that he could see nothing besides, and for him spirit did not exist. To him nature was all in all; and for that reason he did not realize her highest greatness, viz., her power of leading to something higher than herself. To the Greek mythologists who had laid the basis of Greek poetry, nature had been a divinity; to the Christian poet and philosopher she reflected a divine radiance; to Lucretius she was a Titaness slinging firebrands through the universe she had shaped, and shaping all things with no final aim but that of slaying them, and slaying herself on their pyre. For his guide he followed exclusively a single teacher of his own selection, and one even in the pagan world ill-famed — Epicurus — passing by with contempt all the heads of the Greek schools during six centuries, and worshipping that one with an idoktous but not disinterested devotion.

Seeing all things from below, Lucretius never grasps the nobler idea essentially included in each; he sees but the accidents that obscure it. In religion he sees nothing but fear; in authority but imposture; in man but animal instincts intellectualized. In woman he sees no touch of womanhood. He advises his disciples never to meddle with so noxious a toy as love; but his mode of preaching self-restraint is worthless, since it provides no substitute for troublesome pleasures,

either in lofty duties or in nobler joys, for which, on his principles, there remains no place. It is not merely that the Lucretian philosophy does not encourage moral or spiritual aspirations. It is militant against them. It commands us imperiously to tread down the very desire of immortality; and yet its denial of immortality is a wholly illogical assumption, based on another assumption wholly arbitrary, viz., that "mind" and "soul" are but material things, not less than the body, and must therefore share the body's doom. Such a philosophy, in recommending "moderation," recommends but apathy; and men not dyspeptic or exhausted do not become apathetic to please philosophers.

There is nothing positive in Lucretius's vivid appreciation of matter which does not find place equally in Spenser's philosophy. What the latter abjures is the negative part of it. In Spenser's poetry the creation is ever regarded as "the resplendent miracle," and material joys, as in their degree, objects well worthy of pursuit and gratitude; but in that poetry under material enjoyment there ever lurk the humanities, and under these something greater still. It was but the narrowness of the Lucretian philosophy which made it identify a belief in matter with a disbelief in spirit — that narrowness which so often explodes into fanaticism, with its combined characteristics of audacity and of intolerance. The Lucretian philosophy is an abject one, not because it failed to anticipate truth then unrevealed, but because it denied and denounced truths which had been retained with more or less clearness by most of the early religions and by many philosophies, such as the spirituality of man's being, a divine sanction to conscience, and the immortality and responsibility of the soul — beliefs which had, during sequent ages, created civilized societies with all that was best in their arts, poetry, and literature. Pagan antiquity had also retained the belief in a Providence that shaped man's life to gracious ends; and its Prometheus, a Titan, though not a god, had endured as well as labored for man. The Lucretian gods are material beings, made, like the rest of the universe, by the "concurrence" of material atoms; and, like all besides, they are destined to perish. In the mean time they sit apart in festal rest, seeing in man's life, its joys, its agonies, its trials, and in all besides external to themselves, nothing worthy of their interest. This is to make the gods not only after the image of men, but of the meanest among men. Spenser

insists on a God who helps man, not because he is himself man only, but for an opposite reason: on a God for whom, *since he is infinite* in all the dimensions of infinitude, it follows that as nothing is too great, so nothing is too small. There are those by whom that sublime idea is stigmatized as "anthropomorphism," while the Lucretian conception is applauded as sublime. This is not sincere thinking. It cannot be justified by the excuse "*sublime as poetry*." Low sentiment and incoherent thought are not changed into great poetry because they are expressed in dignified language.

That physical philosophy on the exposition of which the poetry of Lucretius was wrecked made a large boast. In that aspect it has an important relation with our theme; for true poetry does great things, but does not make a great boast. It was to illuminate mankind, to break down all moral and intellectual thralldom, and to kill all religion, as the easiest way of curing its corruptions—a design as philosophic as though all government were to be destroyed because it includes administrative abuses; all art, because it sometimes ministers to depraved tastes; and all science, because its professors often make mistakes. How was this wonderful work to be effected? Not by experimental demonstrations—they are seldom appealed to by Lucretius, except in the way of demolishing counter theories—but by hardy scientific dogma, and the *pecca fortiter* of fearless assumptions. Atoms could neither be seen, felt, nor brought within the ken of scientific analysis; but it was easy to assume not only that they existed in incalculable number, but that they are of various shapes, solid, indestructible, possess weight, and even that their "uncertain sideway movement" is "the only possible origin of the free-will of living beings." So again of *films*. These are slender veils cast, as Lucretius affirms, from the surface of all objects incessantly and into all the regions of space—a valiant assumption, but one wholly fabulous. It is amusing to observe how the same philosophic credulity which accepts all assumptions condones all incoherences. The emancipating discovery asserts that "nothing comes from nothing," yet it asserts also that, without any creative cause, there existed a perpetual downward rain of atoms; it believes that no divine mind gives law to matter, yet it maintains also that nature's course is uniform—nay, that a "concurrence of atoms" driven against each other in per-

petual storm, eventually combined into all the wondrous forms on the earth—the structure of hand, and eye, and brain! All that this philosophy regards as needed to justify its imperious claim on our acceptance is that its dogmas, however fantastic, should be *conceivable*, that they should be capable of being expressed in association with distinct *images*, or brain-pictures—things confounded by feeble thinkers with distinct thoughts—and that they should derive some plausible support from analogies. Its chief weapon is reiteration. It multiplies instances, takes for granted its inferences from them—inferences which are but the preconceptions of a confident fancy—and thus eludes those troublesome questions on which the true issue of the argument depends. Drawn aside as if by an "elective affinity" towards the most materialistic views on all subjects, this philosophy hardly rejected even the material truths asserted, some five hundred years before, by Pythagoras, such as that the earth moves round the sun, as well as its sphericity and gravitation—truths probably maintained by many in the days of Lucretius, though subsequently denied by the Ptolemaic system. It affirmed, moreover, that the universe is always dropping downward, and that the real size of the heavenly bodies is little more than their apparent size to the eye. Amidst these strange aberrations of a false philosophy, the "purple patches" of real poetry survive, to vex us with the thought of the poetry Lucretius might have given to us had Plato, not Epicurus, been his master, and to remind us that high genius is seldom extinguished wholly by any abuse of the gift.

It was fortunate for England that a philosophy in essentials the opposite of Lucretius's, inspired the poetry of that great man who opened the literature of the Elizabethan age, and into whose grave the younger poets of that age flung their pens, acknowledging him as their master, as he had acknowledged Chaucer to be his. His genius might otherwise have exercised that influence, stimulating indeed, but both sensualizing and narrowing, on English letters which Boccaccio certainly exercised on Italy, and for which no compensation could have been adequate. Spenser's philosophy was ideal at once and traditional. It made no small points; but great ideas brooded over it. He did not boast himself as the great expositor of one self-chosen master. His humble pride was that his long-labored

work embodied the best moral teaching of the chief masters both of antiquity and of Christian times. It was not a weapon of war. It derived no stimulus from hatred. It included within itself an unpretentious yet a coherent logic; but it passed far beyond her narrow pale in its genial strength, extending itself as widely as human sympathies, and soaring as high as man's noblest aspirations. That a poet so manifold in interest, and so profound in thought, should to so many readers, though not to the best, appear simply dull; and, again, that an ancient poet the greater part of whose poetry was devoted, like that of Dr. Darwin in the last century, to the versifying of natural philosophy, and whose natural philosophy was a chimera, should yet, with many readers, take the place often claimed for Lucretius, are phenomena hard to be explained. It is true that the adage "first come, first served," applies to books, and that many an old one retains a reputation which, if new, it could never acquire. It is true also that a compliment to a classic is often a compliment to one's own scholarship; and that with not a few the lesser qualities of poetry, possessed in eminence, are more impressive than its highest qualities less energetically exerted. We may also, perhaps, in our attempt to solve the problem, find help in one of Spenser's best known allegories — best known because it illustrates so many a strange passage in human life — the allegory of Illusion or the witch Duessa. She represents an idea constantly in the mind of Spenser. No poet ever fixed a more reverent gaze on philosophic truth, or one more faithful to follow her "whithersoever she goeth," through the tangled labyrinths of thought or action. Yet no one felt so strongly how close beside her there treads an opposite spirit; a spirit potent alike to make the true seem false, and the false seem true, the fair seem foul, and the foul seem fair. Such is the magic power with which Duessa now re-invests her faded form with the loveliness of a youth long vanished, and now raises a mist and binds a mask of decrepitude on some beautiful rival.

It was no doubt the profound sincerity of Spenser's genius which made him muse with such a haunting sadness on that spirit of illusion. He had had personal experience of its power. He had his own illusions, religious, political, and personal, several of which he had detected and repudiated. He had replaced the Puritanism of his early training with a form of

Christianity half Patristic and half Platonic; although in his politics it still stretched itself, like a "bar sinister," across a shield glowing with loyalist "gules" and chivalrous devices. He had seen some of his nearest friends changeable in principle, but ever persistent in worshipping as divinities the idols of a fancy at once proud and servile. He had doubtless observed that there often exists a strange and cruel resemblance between opposites, and that the illusion is often the more complete the more absolutely they stand opposed to each other. It is thus that hypocrisy resembles virtue, and that, as a consequence, virtue may be easily mistaken for hypocrisy; that the visionary is like the "man whose eyes are open," and *vice versa*; that bashfulness may be like guilt, and callous insensibility like innocence; that silence may betoken alike the fullness of content or an absolute despair; that, to the superficial, communism may seem the political realization of the early Christian ethics of alms; that indifference to truth may claim to be the perfection of charity. The most fatal errors have ever been those which include in them high truths, though misapplied. Without that element they would not have proved attractive to elevated minds; and for an analogous reason the most exalted truths may long wear a form the most repulsive even to the good.

The dreadful power of illusion is a thought naturally brought home the most to minds at once reflective and imaginative. It was familiar to Shelley as well as to Spenser, unlike as were those two poets, and it is remarkably illustrated by him in "The Revolt of Islam," canto i., stanzas 25-27. In the beginning of things, as we are there told, "a blood-red comet and the morning star" hung in fight on the verge of chaos. These two militant shapes are the rival powers of Evil and Good. Evil triumphs, and changes the morning star into a snake, which is sentenced to creep over the earth in that false semblance, abhorred by all, so long as the conqueror's reign endures. Transformations not less startling take place every day in the moral world. What is despicable when contrasted with that which is above it, may yet well appear admirable to one who can measure it only with what is below it. Shelley, who had in him much of Lucretius's poetic audacity, was himself, for a short time, the prisoner of a materialistic philosophy as wild. When he became a translator of Plato, that grim skeleton, if it ever revis-

ited his dreams, may perhaps have reminded him of Spenser's Duessa, stripped of her glittering apparel.

From Chambers' Journal.  
A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN one has made up one's mind to reopen a painful subject after dinner, the preliminary meal is not usually a very pleasant one; nor, with the trouble of preparation in one's mind, is one likely to make a satisfactory dinner. Frances could not talk about anything. She could not eat; her mind was absorbed in what was coming. It seemed to her that she must speak; and yet how gladly would she have escaped from or postponed the explanation. Explanation! Possibly, he would only smile and baffle her as he had done before; or perhaps be angry, which would be better. Anything would be better than that indifference.

She went out to the loggia when dinner was over, trembling with the sensation of suspense. It was still not dark, and the night was clear with the young moon already shining, so that between the retiring day and the light of the night it was almost as clear as it had been two hours before. Frances sat down, shivering a little, though not with cold. Usually, her father accompanied or immediately followed her; but by some perversity, he did not do so to-night. She seated herself in her usual place, and waited, listening for every sound; that is, for sounds of one kind—his slow step coming along the polished floor, here soft and muffled over a piece of carpet, there loud upon the *parquet*. But for some time, during which she rose into a state of feverish expectation, there was no such sound.

It was nearly half an hour, according to her calculation, probably not half so much by common computation of time, when one or two doors were opened and shut quickly and a sound of voices met her ear—not sounds, however, which had any but a partial interest for her, for they did not indicate his approach. After a while there followed the sound of a footstep; but it was not Mr. Waring's; it was not Domenico's subdued tread, nor the measured march of Mariuccia. It was light, quick, and somewhat uncertain. Frances was half disappointed, half relieved. Some one was coming, but not her father. It

would be impossible to speak to him to-night. The relief was uppermost; she felt it through her whole being. Not to-night; and no one can ever tell what to-morrow may bring forth. She looked up no longer with anxiety, but curiosity, as the door opened. It opened quickly; some one looked out, as if to see where it led, then, with a slight exclamation of satisfaction, stepped out upon the loggia into the partial light.

Frances rose up quickly, with the curious sensation of acting over something which she had rehearsed before; she did not know where or how. It was the girl whom she had remarked on the Marina, as having just arrived, who now stood here, looking about her curiously, with her travelling cloak fastened only at the throat, her gauze veil thrown up about her hat. This new-comer came in quickly, not with the timidity of a stranger. She came out into the centre of the loggia, where the light fell fully round her, and showed her tall, slight figure, the fair hair clustering in her neck, a certain languid grace of movement, which her energetic entrance curiously belied. Frances waited for some form of apology or self-introduction, prepared to be very civil, and feeling in reality pleased, and almost grateful for the interruption.

But the young lady made no statement. She put her hands up to her throat and loosed her cloak with a little sigh of relief. She undid the veil from her hat. "Thank heaven, I have got here at last, free of those people!" she said, putting herself *sans façon* into Mr. Waring's chair, and laying her hat upon the little table. Then she looked up at the astonished girl, who stood looking on in a state of almost consternation.

"Are you Frances?" she said; but the question was put in an almost indifferent tone.

"Yes; I am Frances. But I don't know——" Frances was civil to the bottom of her soul, polite, incapable of hurting any one's feelings. She could not say anything disagreeable; she could not demand brutally, Who are you? and what do you want here?

"I thought so," said the stranger; "and, oddly enough, I saw you this afternoon, and wondered if it could be you. You are a little like mamma. I am Constance, of course," she added, looking up with a half-smile. "We ought to kiss each other, I suppose, though we can't care much about each other. Can we? Where is papa?"



Frances had no breath to speak; she could not say a word. She looked at the new-comer with a gasp. Who was she? And who was papa? Was it some strange mistake which had brought her here? But then the question, "Are you Frances?" showed that it could not be a mistake.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I don't understand. This is — Mr. Waring's. You are looking for — your father?"

"Yes, yes," cried the other impatiently. "I know. You can't imagine I should have come here and taken possession if I had not made sure first! You are well enough known in this little place. There was no trouble about it. And the house looks nice, and this must be a fine view when there is light to see it by. But where is papa? They told me he was always to be found at this hour."

Frances felt the blood ebb to her very finger-points, and then rush back like a great flood to her heart. She scarcely knew where she was standing or what she was saying in her great bewilderment. "Do you mean — my father?" she said.

The other girl answered with a laugh: "You are very particular. I mean our father, if you prefer it. Your father — my father. What does it matter? Where is he? Why isn't he here? It seems he must introduce us to each other. I did not think of any such formality. I thought you would take me for granted," she said.

Frances stood thunderstruck, gazing, listening, as if eyes and ears alike fooled her. She did not seem to know the meaning of the words. They could not, she said to herself, mean what they seemed to mean — it was impossible. There must be some wonderful, altogether unspeakable blunder. "I don't understand," she said again in a piteous tone. "It must be some mistake."

The other girl fixed her eyes upon her in the waning light. She had not paid so much attention to Frances at first as to the new place and scene. She looked at her now with the air of weighing her in some unseen balance and finding her wanting, with impatience and half contempt. "I thought you would have been glad to see me," she said; "but the world seems just the same in one place as another. Because I am in distress at home, you don't want me here."

Then Frances felt herself goaded, galled into the matter-of-fact question, "Who are you?" though she felt that she would not believe the answer she received.

"Who am I? Don't you know who I am? Who should I be but Con — Constance Waring, your sister? Where," she cried, springing to her feet and stamping one of them upon the ground — "where, *where* is papa?"

The door opened again behind her softly, and Mr. Waring with his soft step came out. "Did I hear some one calling for me?" he said. "Frances, it is not you, surely, that are quarrelling with your visitor? I beg the lady's pardon; I cannot see who it is."

The stranger turned upon him with impatience in her tone. "It was I who called," she said. "I thought you were sure to be here. Father, I have always heard that you were kind — a kind man, they all said; that was why I came, thinking — I am Constance!" she added after a pause, drawing herself up and facing him with something of his own gesture and attitude. She was tall, not much less than he was; very unlike little Frances. Her slight figure seemed to draw out as she raised her head and looked at him. She was not a suppliant. Her whole air was one of indignation that she should be subjected to a moment's doubt.

"Constance!" said Mr. Waring. The daylight was gone outside; the moon had got behind a fleecy white cloud; behind those two figures there was a gleam of light from within, Domenico having brought in the lamp into the drawing-room. He stepped backward, opening the glass door. "Come in," he said, "to the light."

Frances came last, with a great commotion in her heart, but very still externally. She felt herself to have sunk into quite a subordinate place. The other two, they were the chief figures. She had now no explanation to ask, no questions to put, though she had a thousand; but everything was in the background, everything inferior. The chief interest was with the others now.

Constance stepped in after him with a proud freedom of step, the air of one who was mistress of herself and her fate. She went up to the table on which the tall lamp stood, her face on a level with it, fully lighted up by it. She held her hat in her hand, and played with it with a careless yet half-nervous gesture. Her fair hair was short and clustered in her neck and about her forehead, almost like a child's, though she was not like a child. Mr. Waring looked at her, was more agitated than she. He trembled a little; his eyelids were lifted high over his eyes.



Her air was a little defiant; but there was no suspicion, only a little uncertainty in his. He put out his hand to her after a minute's inspection. "If you are Constance, you are welcome," he said.

"I don't suppose that you have any doubt I am Constance," said the girl, flinging her hat on the table and herself into a chair. "It is a very curious way to receive one, though, after such a long journey—such a tiresome long journey," she repeated with a voice into which a querulous tone of exhaustion had come.

Mr. Waring sat down too in the immediate centre of the light. He had not kissed her nor approached her, save by the momentary touch of their hands. It was a curious way to receive a stranger, a daughter. She lay back in her chair, as if wearied out, and tears came to her eyes. "I should not have come, if I had known," she said with her lip quivering. "I am very tired. I put up with everything on the journey, thinking, when I came here—And I am more a stranger here than anywhere!" She paused, choking with the half-hysterical fit of crying which she would not allow to overcome her. "She—knows nothing about me!" she cried with a sharp pain, as if this was the last blow.

Frances in her bewilderment did not know what to do or say. She looked at her father; but his face was dumb, and gave her no suggestion; and then she looked at the new-comer, who lay back with her head against the back of the chair, her eyes closed, tears forcing their way through her eyelashes, her slender white throat convulsively struggling with a sob. The mind of Frances had been shaken by a sudden storm of feelings unaccustomed; a throb of something which she did not understand, which was jealousy, though she neither knew nor intended it, had gone through her being. She seemed to see herself cast forth from her easy supremacy, her sway over her father's house, deposed from her principal place. And she was only human. Already she was conscious of a downfall. Constance had drawn the interest towards herself—it was she to whom every eye would turn. The girl stood apart for a moment, with that inevitable movement which has been in the bosom of so many since the well-behaved brother of the Prodigal put it in words, "Now that this thy son has come." Constance, so far as Frances knew, was no prodigal; but she was what was almost worse—a stranger, and yet the honors of the house were to

be hers. She stood thus, looking on, until the sight of the suppressed sob, of the closed eyes, of the weary, hopeless attitude, were too much for her. Then it came suddenly into her mind, if she is Constance! Frances had not known half an hour before that there was any Constance who had a right to her sympathy in the world. She gave her father another questioning look, but got no reply from his eyes. Whatever had to be done must be done by herself. She went up to the chair in which her sister lay and touched her on the shoulder. "If we had known you were coming," she said, "it would have been different. It is a little your fault not to let us know. I should have gone to meet you; I should have made your room ready. We have nothing ready, because we did not know."

Constance sat suddenly up in her chair and shook her head, as if to shake off the emotion that had been too much for her. "How sensible you are," she said. "Is that your character? She is quite right, isn't she? But I did not think of that. I suppose I am impetuous, as people say. I was unhappy, and I thought you would—receive me with open arms. It is evident I am not the sensible one." She said this with still a quiver in her lip, but also a smile, pushing back her chair, and resuming the unconcerned air which she had worn at first.

"Frances is quite right. You ought to have written and warned us," said Mr. Waring.

"O yes; there are so many things that one ought to do!"

"But we will do the best for you, now you are here. Mariuccia will easily make a room ready. Where is your baggage? Domenico can go to the railway, to the hotel, wherever you have come from."

"My box is outside the door. I made them bring it. The woman—is that Mariuccia?—would not take it in. But she let me come in. She was not suspicious. She did not say, 'If you are Constance.' And here she laughed, with a sound that grated upon Mr. Waring's nerves. He jumped up suddenly from his chair.

"I had no proof that you were Constance," he said, "though I believed it. But only your mother's daughter could reproduce that laugh."

"Has Frances got it?" the girl cried, with an instant lighting up of opposition in her eyes; for I am like you; but she is the image of mamma."

He turned round and looked at Frances, who, feeling that an entire circle of new

emotions, unknown to her, had come into being at a bound, stood with a passive, frightened look, spectator of everything, not knowing how to adapt herself to the new turn of affairs.

"By Jove!" her father said, with an air of exasperation she had never seen in him before, "that is true! But I had never noticed it. Even Frances. You've come to set us all by the ears."

"O no! I'll tell you, if you like, why I came. Mamma—has been more aggravating than usual. I said to myself you would be sure to understand what that meant. And something arose—I will tell you about it after—a complication, something mamma insisted I should do, though I had made up my mind not to do it."

"You had better," said her father, with a smile, "take care what ideas on that subject you put into your sister's head."

Constance paused, and looked at Frances with a look which was half scrutinizing, half contemptuous. "Oh, she is not like me," she said. "Mamma was very aggravating, as you know she can be. She wanted me— But I'll tell you after." And then she began: "I hope, because you live in Italy, papa, you don't think you ought to be a mediæval parent; but that sort of thing in Belgravia, you know, is too ridiculous. It was so out of the question, that it was some time before I understood. It was not exactly a case of being locked up in my room and kept on bread and water; but something of the sort. I was so much astonished at first, I did not know what to do; and then it became intolerable. I had nobody I could appeal to, for everybody agreed with her. Markham is generally a safe person; but even Markham took her side. So I immediately thought of you. I said to myself, One's father is the right person to protect one. And I knew, of course, that if anybody in the world could understand how impossible it is to live with mamma when she has taken a thing in her head, it would be you."

Waring kept his eye upon Frances while this was being said, with an almost comic embarrassment. It was half laughable; but it was painful, as so many laughable things are; and there was something like alarm, or rather timidity, in the look. The man looked afraid of the little girl—whom all her life he had treated as a child—and her clear, sensible eyes.

"One thinks these things, perhaps; but one does not put them into words," he said.

"Oh! it is no worse to say them than to think them," said Constance. "I always say what I mean. And you must know that things went very far—so far that I couldn't put up with it any longer; so I made up my mind all at once that I would come off to you."

"And I tell you, you are welcome, my dear. It is so long since I saw you, that I could not have recognized you. That is natural enough. But now that you are here—I cannot decide upon the wisdom of the step till I know all the circumstances—"

"Oh, wisdom! I don't suppose there is any wisdom about it. No one expects wisdom from me. But what could I do? There was nothing else that I could do."

"At all events," said Waring, with a little inclination of his head and a smile, as if he were talking to a visitor, Frances said to herself—"Frances and I will forgive any lack of wisdom which has given us—this pleasure." He laughed at himself as he spoke. "You must expect for a time to feel like a fine lady paying a visit to her poor relations," he said.

"Oh, I know you will approve of me when you hear everything. Mamma says I am a Waring all over, your own child."

The sensations with which Frances stood and listened, it would be impossible to describe. Mamma! who was this, of whom the other girl spoke so lightly, whom she had never heard of before? Was it possible that a mother as well as a sister existed for her, as for others, in the unknown world out of which Constance had come? A hundred questions were on her lips, but she controlled herself, and asked none of them. Reflection, which comes so often slowly, almost painfully, to her came now like the flash of lightning. She would not betray to any one, not even to Constance, that she had never known she had a mother. Papa might be wrong—oh, how wrong he had been!—but she would not betray him. She checked the exclamation on her lips; she subdued her soul altogether, forcing it into silence. This was the secret she had been so anxious to penetrate, which he had kept so closely from her. Why should he have kept it from her? It was evident it had not been kept on the other side. Whatever had happened, had Frances been in trouble, she knew of no one with whom she could have taken refuge; but her sister had known. Her brain was made dizzy by these thoughts. It was open to her now to ask whatever she pleased. The mystery had been made plain; but at

the same time her mouth was stopped. She would not confuse her father, nor betray him. It was chiefly from this bewildering sensation, and not, as her father, suddenly grown acute in respect to Frances, thought, from a mortifying consciousness that Constance would speak with more freedom if she were not there, that Frances spoke. "I think," she said, "that I had better go and see about the rooms. Mariuccia will not know what to do till I come; and you will take care of Constance, papa."

He looked at her, hearing in her tone a wounded feeling, a touch of forlorn pride, which perhaps were there, but not so much as he thought; but it was Constance that replied: "O yes; we will take care of each other. I have so much to tell him," with a laugh. Frances was aware that there was relief in it, in the prospect of her own absence; but she did not feel it so strongly as her father did. She gave them both a smile, and went away.

"So that is Frances," said the new-found sister, looking after her. "I find her very like mamma. But everybody says I am your child, disposition and all." She rose, and came up to Waring, who had never lessened the distance between himself and her. She put her hand into his arm and held up her face to him. "I am like you. I shall be much happier with you. Do you think you will like having me instead of Frances, father?" She clasped his arm against her in a caressing way, and leaned her cheek upon the sleeve of his velvet coat. "Don't you think you would like to have *me*, father, instead of her?" she said.

A whole panorama of the situation, like a landscape, suddenly flashed before Waring's mind. The spell of this caress, and confidence she showed of being loved, which is so great a charm, and the impulse of nature, so much as that is worth, drew him towards the handsome girl, who took possession of him and his affections without a doubt, and pushed away the other from his heart and his side with an impulse which his philosophy said was common to all men—or at least, if that was too sweeping, to all women. But in the same moment came that sense of championship and proprietorship, the one inextricably mingled with the other, which makes us all defend our own, whenever assailed. Frances was his own; she was his creation; he had taught her almost everything. Poor little Frances! Not like this girl, who could speak for herself,

who could go everywhere, half commanding, half taking with guile every heart that she encountered. Frances would never do that. But she would be true, true as the heavens themselves, and never falter. By a sudden gleam of perception he saw that though he had never told her anything of this, though it must have been a revelation of wonder to her, yet that she had not burst forth into any outcries of astonishment, or asked any compromising questions, or done anything to betray him.

His heart went forth to Frances with an infinite tenderness. He had not been a doting father to her; he had even—being himself what the world calls a clever man, much above her mental level—felt himself to condescend a little, and almost upbraided heaven for giving him so ordinary a little girl. And Constance, it was easy to see, was a brilliant creature, accustomed to take her place in the world, fit to be any man's companion. But the first result of this revelation was to reveal to him, as he had never seen it before, the modest and true little soul which had developed by his side without much notice from him, whom he had treated with such cruel want of confidence, to whom the shock of this evening's disclosures must have been so great, but who, even in the moment of discovery, shielded him. All this went through his mind with the utmost rapidity. He did not put his new-found child away from him; but there was less enthusiasm than Constance expected in the kiss he gave her. "I am very glad to have you here, my dear," he said, more coldly than pleased her. "But why instead of Frances? You will be happier both of you for being together."

Constance did not disengage herself with any appearance of disappointment. She perceived, perhaps, that she was not to be so triumphant here as was usually her privilege. She relinquished her father's arm after a minute, not too precipitately, and returned to her chair. "I shall like it, as long as it is possible," she said. "It will be very nice for me having a father and sister, instead of a mother and brother. But you will find that mamma will not let you off. She likes to have a girl in the house. She will have her pound of flesh." She threw herself back into her chair with a laugh. "How quaint it is here; and how beautiful the view must be, and the mountains and the sea! I shall be very happy here—the world forgetting, by the world forgot—and with you, papa."

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
ON SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE  
CHARACTERS:

BEATRICE.

"There was a star danced, and under that was I born."

DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—

I am glad to see by your letter that Beatrice is a favorite with you. The heresy of Campbell and others, that describes her as a compound of tomboy, flirt, and shrew,—“an odious woman,” I think, Campbell calls her,—has manifestly not enlisted you among its adherents. Whilst, therefore, I am sure of your sympathy in trying to put into words the conception of this brilliant and charming woman which I endeavored to embody on the stage, still I must approach the subject with great trepidation, as you tell me that you are “listening with all your heart to what I shall say of her.” I cannot dare to hope that I shall throw much light upon the character that will be new to you, who have shown, in so many places, how thorough has been your study of Shakespeare's heroines, and with what loving insight you have used them to illustrate the part women have played, and are meant to play, in bringing sweetness and comfort, and help and moral strength, into man's troubled and perplexing life. The lesson Shakespeare teaches seems to me to be entirely in accordance with your own belief, expressed in many ways, “that no man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.”

Of Beatrice I cannot write with the same full heart, or with the same glow of sympathy, with which I wrote of Rosalind. Her character is not to me so engaging. We might hope to meet in life something to remind us of Beatrice; but in our dreams of fair women Rosalind stands out alone.

Neither are the circumstances under which Beatrice comes before us of a kind to draw us so closely to her. Unlike Rosalind, her life has been and is, while we see her, one of pure sunshine. Sorrow and wrong have not softened her nature, nor taken off the keen edge of her wit. When we are introduced to her, she is the great lady, bright, brilliant, beautiful, enforcing admiration as she moves “in maiden meditation fancy free” among the fine ladies and accomplished gallants of her circle. Up to this time there has been no call upon the deeper and finer qualities of her nature. The sacred foun-

tain of tears has never been stirred within her. To pain of heart she has been a stranger. She has not learned tenderness or toleration under the discipline of suffering or disappointment, of unsatisfied yearning or failure. Her life has been

a summer mood,  
To which all pleasant things have come unsought,

and across which the shadows of care or sorrow have never passed. She has a quick eye to see what is weak or ludicrous in man or woman. The impulse to speak out the smart and poignant things that rise readily and swiftly to her lips, is irresistible. She does not mean to inflict pain, though others besides Benedick must at times have felt that “every word stabs.” She simply rejoices in the keen sword-play of her wit as she would in any other exercise of her intellect or sport of her fancy. In very gaiety of heart she flashes around her the playful lightning of sarcasm and repartee, thinking of them only as something to make the time pass brightly by. “I was born,” she says of herself, “to speak all mirth and no matter.” Again, when Don Pedro tells her she has “a merry heart,” she answers, “Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.” And what does her uncle Leonato say of her?

There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing. (Act ii., sc. 1.)

Wooers she has had, of course, not a few; but she has “mocked them all out of suit.” Very dear to her is the independence of her maidenhood,—for the moment has not come when to surrender that independence into a lover's hands is more delightful than to maintain it. But though in the early scenes of the play she makes a mock of wooers and of marriage, with obvious zest and with a brilliancy of fancy and pungency of sarcasm that might well appal any ordinary wooer, it is my conviction that, though her heart has not as yet been touched, she has at any rate begun to see in “Signor Benedick of Padua” qualities which have caught her fancy. She has noted him closely, and his image recurs unbidden to her mind with a frequency which suggests that he is at least more to her than any other man. The train is laid, and only requires a spark to kindle it into flame. How this is done by Shakespeare, and with what exquisite

skill, will be more and more felt the more closely the structure of the play and the distinctive qualities of the actors in it are studied.

I think, indeed, this play should rank, in point of dramatic construction and development of character, with the best of Shakespeare's works. It has the further distinction, that whatever is most valuable in the plot is due solely to his own invention. In this respect it differs signally from "As You Like It." In "The Tale of Gamelyn," and more particularly in Lodge's "Rosalynde," Shakespeare found ready to his hand the main plot of that play, and suggestions for several of the characters. With his usual wonderful aptitude, he assimilated everything that could be turned to dramatic account. Yet his debt was, after all, of no great amount. He had to discard far more than he adopted. The story with the actors in it became a new creation; and by infusing into a pretty but tedious pastoral and some very unreal characters a purpose and a life which were exclusively his own, he transmuted mere pebbles into gems. But neither for plot nor character was he indebted to any one in "Much Ado About Nothing." It is, no doubt, true that in Ariosto and Bandello, and in our own Spenser, he found the incident of an innocent lady brought under cruellest suspicion by the base device of which Hero is the victim. Here, however, his obligation ends; and but for the skill with which this incident is interwoven with others, and a number of characters brought upon the scene, which are wholly of his own creating, it would be of little value for dramatic purposes.

How happy was the introduction of such men as Dogberry — dear, delightful Dogberry! — and his band, "the shallow fools who brought to light" the flimsy villainy by which Don Pedro and Claudio had allowed themselves to be egregiously fooled! How true to the irony of life was the accident, due also to Shakespeare's invention, of Leonato's being too much bored by their tedious prate, and too busy with the thought of his daughter's approaching marriage, to listen to them, and thus not hearing what would have prevented the all but tragic scene in which that marriage is broken off! And how much happier than all is the way in which the wrong done to Hero is the means of bringing into view the fine and generous elements of Beatrice's nature, — of showing Benedick how much more there was in her than he had thought, and at the same

time proving to her, what she was previously quite prepared to "believe better than reporting," that he was of a truly "noble strain," and that she might safely intrust her happiness to his hands! Viewed in this light, the play seems to me to be a masterpiece of construction, developed with consummate skill, and held together by the unflagging interest which we feel in Beatrice and Benedick, and in the progress of the amusing plot by which they arrive at a knowledge of their own hearts.

I was called upon very early in my career to impersonate Beatrice, but I must frankly admit that, while, as I have said, I could not but admire her, she had not taken hold of my heart as my other heroines had done. Indeed there is nothing of the heroine about her, nothing of romance or of poetic suggestion in the circumstances of her life — nothing, in short, to captivate the imagination of a very young girl, such as I then was. It was no small surprise to me when Mr. Charles Kemble, who was playing a series of farewell performances at Covent Garden, where I had made my *début* on the stage but a few months before, singled me out to play Beatrice to his Benedick, on the night when he bade adieu to his profession. That I, who had hitherto acted only the young tragic heroines, was to be thus transported out of my natural sphere into the strange world of high comedy, was a surprise indeed. To consent seemed to me nothing short of presumption. I urged upon Mr. Kemble how utterly unqualified I was for such a venture. His answer was, "I have watched you in the second act of *Julia* in 'The Hunchback,' and I know that you will by-and-by be able to act Shakespeare's comedy. I do not mean 'now,' because more years, greater practice, greater confidence in yourself, must come before you will have sufficient ease. But do not be afraid. I am too much your friend to ask you to do anything that would be likely to prove a failure." This he followed up by offering to teach me "the business" of the scene. What could I do? He had, from my earliest rehearsals, been uniformly kind, helpful, and encouraging — how could I say him nay? My friends too, who of course acted for me, as I was under age, considered that I must consent. I was amazed at some of the odd things I had to say, — not at all from knowing their meaning, but simply because I did not even surmise it. My dear home instructor, of whom I have often



spoken in these letters, said, "My child, you will do this very well. Only give way to natural joyousness. Have no fear. Let yourself go free; you cannot be vulgar, if you tried ever so hard."

And so the performance came, and went off more easily than I had imagined, — as so many dreaded events of our lives do pass away, without any of the terrible things happening which we have tormented ourselves by anticipating. The night was one not readily to be forgotten. The excitement of having to act a character so different from any I had hitherto attempted, and the anxiety natural to the effort, filled my mind entirely. I had no idea of the scene which was to follow the close of the comedy, so that it came upon me quite unexpectedly.

The "farewell" of a great actor to the arena of his triumphs was something my imagination had never pictured, and all at once it was brought most impressively before me, touching a deep, sad minor chord in my young life. It moved me deeply. As I write, the exciting scene comes vividly before me, — the crowded stage, the pressing forward of all who had been Mr. Kemble's comrades and contemporaries, — the good wishes, the farewells given, the tearful voices, the wet eyes, the curtain raised again and again. Ah, how can any one support such a trial? I determined in that moment that, when my time came to leave the stage, I would not leave it in this way. My heart could never have borne such a strain. I need not say that this resolve has remained unchanged. I could not have expected such a demonstrative farewell; but, whatever it might have been, the certainty that it is the last time one does anything is, I think, well kept from us. I see now the actors in the play asking for a remembrance of the night, — gloves, handkerchiefs, feathers, one by one taken from the hat, then the hat itself, — all, in short, that could be severed from the dress. I, whose claim was as nothing compared to that of others, stood aside, greatly moved and sorrowful, weeping on my mother's shoulder, when, as the exciting scene was at last drawing to a close, Mr. Kemble saw me, and exclaimed, "What! My Lady baby!"

\* I must explain that "baby" was the pet name by which Mr. Kemble always called me. I cannot tell why, unless it were because of the contrast he found between his own wide knowledge of the world and of art, and my innocent ignorance and youth. Delicate health had kept me in a quiet home, which I only left at intervals for a quieter life by the seaside, so that I knew far less of the world and its ways than even most girls of my age.

Beatrice all in tears! What shall I do to comfort her! What can I give her in remembrance of her first Benedick?" I sobbed out, "Give me the book you studied Benedick from." He answered, "You shall have it, and many others!" He kept his word, and I have still two small volumes in which are collected many of the plays in which he acted, and also some in which his daughter, Fanny Kemble, who was then married and living in America, had acted. These came with a charming letter on the title-page addressed to his "dear little friend."

He also told my mother to bring me to him, if at any time she thought his advice might be valuable; and on several occasions afterwards he took the trouble of reading over new parts with me, and giving me his advice and help. One thing which he impressed upon me I never forgot. It was, on no account to give prominence to the physical aspect of any painful emotion. Let the expression be genuine, earnest, but not ugly. He pointed out to me how easy it was to simulate distortions, — to writhe, for example, from the supposed effect of poison, to gasp, to roll the eyes, etc. These were melodramatic effects. But if pain or death had to be simulated, or any sudden or violent shock, let them be shown, he said, in their mental rather than in their physical signs. The picture presented might be as sombre as the darkest Rembrandt; but it must be noble in its outlines, truthful, picturesque, but never repulsive, mean, or commonplace. It must suggest the heroic, the divine in human nature, and not the mere everyday struggles or tortures of this life, whether in joy or sorrow, despair or hopeless grief. Under every circumstance the graceful, the ideal, the beautiful, should be given side by side with the real.

I have always felt what a happy circumstance it was for a shy and sensitive temperament like mine, that my first steps in my art should have been guided and encouraged by a nature so generous and sympathetic as Mr. Kemble's. He made me feel that I was in the right road to success, and gave me courage by speaking warmly of my natural gifts of voice, etc., and praising my desire to study and improve, and my readiness in seizing his meaning and profiting by his suggestions. How different it was when, shortly afterwards, I came under Mr. Macready's influence! Equally great in their art, nature had cast the men in entirely different moulds. Each helped me, but by proc-



esses wholly unlike. The one, while pointing out what was wrong, brought the balm of encouragement and hope; the other, like the surgeon who "cuts beyond the wound to make the cure more certain," was merciless to the feelings, where he thought a fault or a defect might so best be pruned away. Both were my true friends, and were most kind to me, each in his own way of showing kindness. Yet it was well for my self-distrustful nature that the gentler kindness came first.

Mr. Kemble never lost an opportunity of making you happy. When Joanna Baillie's play, "The Separation," was produced within two months of my first appearance, I had, in the heroine Margaret, a very difficult part—quite unlike any I had previously acted or even studied. The story turns upon a wife's hearing that before their marriage her husband had murdered her brother. The play opens with the wife learning the terrible truth, just as the tidings reach her that her husband has returned safely from battle, and is close at hand. Of course "the separation" ensues. It must have been a great trouble to Mr. Kemble, who played Garcio, the husband, to study a new part at that period of his career, and I wonder that he undertook it. You may imagine how nervous and anxious I was at attempting the leading character in a play never before acted, and one, moreover, with which I had little sympathy. During the first performance Mr. Kemble also appeared very nervous, and at times seemed at a loss for his words. He was deaf, too,—not very deaf, but sufficiently so to make the prompter's voice of no use to him. Happily I was able on several occasions, being close to him, to whisper the words. How I knew them I can hardly tell, because we had not copies of the play to study from, but only our own manuscript parts. But I had heard him repeat them at rehearsal, and they had fixed themselves in my memory. Naturally I thought nothing of this at the time. The next morning, when we met upon the stage to make some little changes in the play, Mr. Kemble spoke openly of the help I had been to him, making very much more of it than it deserved, and, above all, marvelling at the self-command of the little novice, coming with so much readiness to support an old actor, who should have been on the lookout to do that office for her. I was much ashamed to be praised for so small a thing. But how quietly glad was the little mouse when she found that she had helped ever

so slightly, her good friend the noble lion!\*

Mr. Kemble seemed to my eyes before everything pre-eminently a gentleman. And this told, as it always must tell, when he enacted ideal characters. There was a natural grace and dignity in his bearing, a courtesy and unstudied deference of manner in approaching and addressing women, whether in private society or on the stage, which I have scarcely seen equalled. Perhaps it was not quite as rare in his day as it is now. What a lover he must have made! What a Romeo! What an Orlando! I got glimpses of what these must have been in the readings which Mr. Kemble gave after he left the stage, and which I attended diligently, with heart and brain awake to profit by what I heard. How fine was his Mercutio! What brilliancy, what ease, what spontaneous flow of fancy in the Queen Mab speech! The very start of it was suggestive—"Oh, then, I see Queen Mab" (with an emphasis on "Mab") "hath been with you!" How exquisite was the play of it all, image rising up after image, and crowding one upon another, each new one more fanciful than the last! "Thou talk'st of nothing," says Romeo; but oh, what nothings! As picture after picture was brought before you by Mr. Kemble's skill, with the just emphasis thrown on every word, yet all spoken "trippingly on the tongue," what objects that one might see or touch could be more real? I was disappointed in his reading of Juliet, Desdemona, etc. His heroines were spiritless, tearful creatures, too merely tender, without distinction or individuality, all except Lady Macbeth, into whom I could not help thinking some of the spirit of his great sister, Mrs. Siddons, was transfused. But, in truth, I cannot think it possible for any man's nature to simulate a woman's, or *vice*

\* I shall never forget my surprise, when one day, during the run of "Separation," on going into the Soho Bazaar, and coming to the doll-stall—a not-forgotten spot of interest for me—I saw myself in a doll, labelled "Miss Helen Faucit as the Lady Margaret in 'Separation.'" Such things were very unusual then, and I felt just a little—not proud, but happy. The doll's dress was exactly mine—copied most accurately. I am sure, had I not thought it vain, I should have liked to buy my doll-self. But again, perhaps my friends might not have allowed it, and I felt too shy to ask the price: it was a grandly got up lady, and although my salary was the largest ever given in those days, I was, as a minor, only allowed by my friends a slight increase to the pocket money which had been mine before. Happily for me, both then and since, money has ever been a matter of slight importance in my regard. Success in my art, and the preservation of the freshness and freedom of spirit which are essential to true distinction, were always my first thought.

*versâ*. Therefore it is that I have never cared very much to listen to "readings" of entire plays by any single person. I have sometimes given them myself; but only, like Beatrice, "upon great persuasion."

Pardon this digression. It was so much my way to live with the characters I represented, that when I sat down to write, my mind naturally wanders off into things which happened to me in connection with the representation of them. It was some time before I again performed Beatrice, and then I had for my Benedick Mr. James Wallack. He was at that time past the meridian of his life; but he threw a spirit and grace into the part, which, added to his fine figure and gallant bearing, made him, next to Mr. Charles Kemble, although far beneath him, the best Benedick whom I have ever seen. Oh, for something of the fire, the undying youthfulness of spirit, now so rare, the fine courtesy of bearing, which made the acting with actors of this type delightful!

By this time I had made a greater study of the play; moved more freely in my art, and was therefore able to throw myself into the character of Beatrice more completely than in the days of my novitiate. The oftener I played it the more the character grew upon me. The view I had taken of it seemed also to find favor with my audiences. I well remember the pleasure I felt, when some chance critic wrote of my Beatrice, that she was "a creature overflowing with joyousness, — raillery itself being in her nothing more than an excess of animal spirits, tempered by passing through a soul of goodness." That she had a soul, brave and generous as well as good, it was always my aim to show. All this was easy work to me on the stage. To do it with my pen is a far harder task; but I must try.

It may be a mere fancy, but I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare found peculiar pleasure in the delineation of Beatrice, and more especially in devising the encounters between her and Benedick. You remember what old Fuller says of the wit combats between Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, in which he likens Jonson to a Spanish galleon, "built high, solid, but slow;" and Shakespeare to an English man-of-war, "lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, tacking about, and taking advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." It is just this quickness of wit and invention which is the special characteristic of both Benedick and Beatrice. In their skirmishes, each

vies with each in trying to outflank the other by jest and repartee; and as is fitting, the victory is generally with the lady, whose adroitness in "tacking about, and taking advantage of all winds," gives her the advantage even against an adversary so formidable as Benedick.

That Beatrice is beautiful, Shakespeare is at pains to indicate. If what Wordsworth says was ever true of any one, assuredly it was true of her, that

vital feelings of delight  
Had reared her form to stately height.

Accordingly we picture her as tall, and with the lithe, elastic grace of motion which should come of a fine figure and high health. We are very early made to see that she is the sunshine of her uncle Leonato's house. He delights in her quaint, daring way of looking at things; he is proud of her, too, for with all her sportive and somewhat domineering ways, she is every inch the noble lady, bearing herself in a manner worthy of her high blood and courtly breeding. He knows how good and sound she is in heart no less than in head, — one of those strong natures which can be counted on to rise up in answer to a call upon their courage and fertility of resource in any time of difficulty or trouble. Her shrewd, sharp sayings have only a pleasant piquancy for him. Indeed, however much weak, colorless natures might stand in awe of eyes so quick to detect a flaw, and a wit so prompt to cover it with ridicule, there must have been a charm for him and for all manly natures in the very peril of coming under the fire of her raillery. A young, beautiful, graceful woman, flashing out brilliant sayings, charged with no real malice, but with just enough of a sting in them to pique the self-esteem of those at whom they are aimed, must always, I fancy, have a peculiar fascination for men of spirit. And so we see at the very outset it was with Beatrice. Not only her uncle, but also Don Pedro, and the Count Claudio, have the highest admiration of her. That she was either a vixen or a shrew was the last idea that would have entered their minds. "By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady!" says Don Pedro; and the words express what was obviously the general impression of all who knew her best.

How long Benedick and Beatrice have known each other before the play begins is not indicated. I think we may fairly infer that their acquaintance is of some standing. It certainly did not begin when

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon, in passing through Messina, on the way probably to attack the Turks, with whom Spain, Austria, and Venice were at war about the period to which we may reasonably assign the action of the play, picked Benedick up, and attached him to his suite. They were obviously intimate before this. At all events, there had been time for an antagonism to spring up between them, which was natural where both were witty, and both accustomed to lord it somewhat, as witty people are apt to do, over their respective circles. Benedick could scarcely have failed to have drawn the fire of Beatrice by his avowed and contemptuous indifference to her sex, if by nothing else. To be evermore proclaiming, as we may be sure he did, just as much before he went to the wars as he did after his return, that he rated all women cheaply, was an offence which Beatrice, ready enough although she might be herself to make epigrams on the failings of her sex, was certain to resent. Was it to be borne that he should set himself up as "a professed tyrant to her whole sex," and boast his freedom from the vassalage to "love, the lord of all"? And this, too, when he had the effrontery to tell herself, "It is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted."

It is true that Beatrice, when she is pressed upon the point, has much the same pronounced notions about the male sex, and the bondage of marriage. But she does not, like Benedick, go about proclaiming them to all comers; neither does she denounce the whole male sex for the faults or vices of the few. Besides, there has clearly been about Benedick, in these early days, an air of confident self-assertion, a tendency to talk people down, which have irritated Beatrice. The name, "Signor Montanto," borrowed from the language of the Italian fencing-school, by which she asks after him in the first sentence she utters, and her announcement that she had promised "to eat all of his killing," seem to point to the first of these faults. And may we not take, as an indication of the other, her first remark to himself, "I wonder you will still be talking, Signor Benedick; nobody marks you:" and also the sarcasm in her description of him to her uncle, as "too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling"?

What piques Beatrice is the undeniable fact that Benedick is a handsome, gallant young fellow, a general favorite, who makes his points with trenchant effect in the give and take of their wit-combats,

and, in short, has more of the qualities to win the heart of a woman of spirit, than any of the gallants who have come about her. She, on the other hand, has the attraction for him of being as clever as she is handsome, — the person of all his circle who puts him most upon his mettle, and who pays him the compliment of replying upon his sharp sayings with repartees, the brilliancy of which he cannot but acknowledge, even while he smarts under them. He is, besides, far from insensible to her beauty, as we see by what he says of her to Claudio when contrasting her with Hero. "There is her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December." No wonder, therefore, that, as we see, they have often come into contact, creating no small amusement to their friends, and to none more than to Leonato. When Beatrice, in the opening scene of the play, says so many biting things about Benedick, Leonato, anxious that the messenger shall not carry away a false opinion of him, says: "You must not, sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war between Signor Benedick and her; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them." Life, perhaps, has not been so amusing to Leonato since Signor Benedick went away. It is conceivable that Beatrice herself may have missed him, if for nothing else than for the jibes and sarcasm which had called her own exuberance of wit into play.

We shall not, I believe, do her justice unless we form some idea, such as I have indicated, of the relations that have subsisted between her and Benedick before the play opens. It would be impossible otherwise to understand why he should be uppermost in her thoughts, when she hears of the successful issue of Don Pedro's expedition, so that her first question to the messenger who brings the tidings is whether Benedick has come back with the rest. Finding that he has, unscathed "and as pleasant as ever he was," she proceeds to show him under no very flattering aspect. Her uncle, knowing how very different Benedick is from the man she describes, tries to stop her by saying, "Faith, niece, you tax Signor Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt not." This only stimulates her to such further travesty of his character, that the messenger observes, "I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books." In sheer enjoyment of her own humor, she rejoins, "No: an he were, I would burn

my study. But, I pray you," she continues, insensibly betraying her interest in him by the question, "who is his companion?" And when the messenger answers, "The right noble Claudio," the humorous exaggeration of her language gives a delightful foretaste of what we may expect when she encounters Benedick himself:—

O Lord! He will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. Heaven help the noble Claudio! \* If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

At this point Don Pedro enters with his suite, and Benedick among them. It is not long before he draws upon himself, and deservedly too, a shaft from the quiver of Beatrice's wit. When Don Pedro, turning to Hero, says, "I think this is your daughter," and Leonato rejoins, "Her mother hath many times told me so," Benedick strikes in with the somewhat impertinent freedom of a privileged jester, "Were you in doubt, Signor, that you asked her?" Leonato retorts upon him, "Signor Benedick, no; for then were you a child." "You have it full, Benedick," exclaims Don Pedro; "we may guess by this what you are, being a man,"—adding, "Truly, the lady father's herself; be happy, lady! for you are like an honorable father." Benedick, a little stung by Leonato's repartee, now grows rude. "If Signor Leonato," he says, "be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is." The others turn away to converse, but Beatrice, indignant at what she considers his impertinent speech to her uncle, addresses him tauntingly with

I wonder you will still be talking, Signor Benedick; nobody marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

*Beat.* Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signor Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

In the dialogue which ensues, Benedick falls at once into his old habit of boasting that women love him, but that he does not love them. In what he says, he is unmannerly rather than witty; and finding very soon that he has the worst of the encounter, he is glad to break off the interview, telling Beatrice: "I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, o' God's name; I have done." She is ready with her retort: "You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old."

When Beatrice leaves the scene, and Benedick remains behind with Claudio, he can give full vent to his disparagement of all womankind with no fear of rebuke. In vain does Claudio try to extract from him some encouragement in his admiration of Leonato's daughter Hero. "In mine eye," says Claudio, "she is the sweetest lady ever I looked on." But Benedick can "see no such matter." Then it is he drops out the acknowledgment, that Beatrice excels her cousin in beauty as "the first of May doth the last of December," if only she were not "possessed with a fury,"—a qualification made in very soreness at the triumph her superior skill, in the carte and tierce of badinage, has so recently given her over him. Claudio, who, on seeing Hero again, finds that the admiration he had felt for her before going to the war has deepened into an absorbing passion, writhes under the banter of his unsympathetic friend, and is very glad to have the support of Don Pedro, who now joins them. His coming is the signal for Benedick to start off afresh into protestations of his indifference to the whole female sex, and of his fixed determination to live a bachelor. When Don Pedro, who knows human nature a great deal too well to take such protestations for serious earnest, says, "I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love," Benedick rejoins, "With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, but not with love." Don Pedro adheres to his opinion, quoting the line, "In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke;" and this draws from Benedick the protest, on which so much of the humor of what happens afterwards depends.

\* In some recent reproductions of Shakespeare's plays, the frequent repetition of the name of the Deity has struck most painfully upon my ear. I suppose, when Shakespeare wrote, the lax use of this sacred name, like many other things repugnant to modern taste, was thought nothing of. In this play the name of "God" occurs continually, and upon the most trivial occasions. It so happens that it rises to Beatrice's lips more often than to any other's. In the books from which I studied, "Heaven" was everywhere substituted for it; and I confess the word sounds pleasanter and softer to my ear, besides being in the circumstances less irreverent. I cannot help the feeling, though it may be thought fastidious. It is a word that should never rise lightly to the lips, or be used upon slight cause. There are, of course, occasions when, even upon the stage, it is the right word to use. But these are rare, and only where the prevailing strain of thought or emotion is high and solemn.

*Bene.* The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign, "Here you may see Benedick the married man."

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too, then.

Benedick gone, Claudio is free to open the state of his heart to his patron and friend, Don Pedro. He fears his liking may seem too sudden, and explains that it was of old standing. Before he had gone with the prince on the expedition just ended, he had looked on Hero

with a soldier's eye,  
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love.  
But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

This being the state of his heart, why should he not have urged his suit in person? Instead of doing so, however, he at once adopts Don Pedro's suggestion, that she should be wooed by proxy:—

I know we shall have revelling to-night;  
I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;  
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
And strong encounter of my amorous tale.

Brides for princes have often been wooed by proxy, and with results not always satisfactory to the princes, but here the order of things is reversed. Surely the man who could leave another to plead for him in such a cause, can have no great strength of character; and that this is true of Claudio, seems to me to be very clearly shown by his subsequent conduct. Presently we see how easily he allows himself to be swayed, as weak men will, by what other people say, when Don Pedro's brother, Don John, to gratify the personal grudge he feels for having been supplanted by Claudio in his brother's regard, persuades him that Don Pedro is playing him false, and wooing Hero for himself. The discovery that this was merely a malicious fiction would have put most men upon their guard against believing any further innuendo from the same quarter. But Claudio is ready to give credence to Don John's subsequent accusation against Hero, and to jump to the conclusion that it is true, upon evidence

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which could have misled no manly and generous mind. The very look, morose and vindictive, of Don John, ought to have inspired him with distrust. What that look was Beatrice puts vividly before us in a sentence or two at the opening of the second act. The whole passage is delightful.

*Leonato.* Was not Count John here at supper?

*Antonio.* I saw him not.

*Beatrice.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

*Leon.* Then half Signor Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signor Benedick's face—

*Beat.* With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man could win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of tongue.

*Beat.* . . . For the which blessing I am upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face. . . .

*Leon.* You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him.

Who does not see, what a pleasant person Beatrice must have been in her uncle's home, with all this power of saying the quaint and unexpected things which bubble up from an uncontrollable spirit of enjoyment? Her frankness must indeed have been a pleasant foil to the somewhat characterless and over-gentle Hero. See how fearlessly she presently tells Hero not to take a husband of her father's choosing, unless he pleases herself. She has just heard of the prince's intention to make suit to Hero at the coming masked ball, and when Antonio tells Hero that he trusts she will not follow Beatrice's creed, but "be ruled by her father," Beatrice rejoins:—

Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say, "As it pleases you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome



fellow, or else make another curtsy, and say, "Father, as it pleases me!"

Leonato loves Beatrice too well to be angry at this instigation to possible rebellion, and only answers her with the words, "Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband." Beatrice is by no means at the end of her resources. She is bent on making light of all matrimonial projects. In what she goes on to say we have the counterpart of what Benedick, in the previous scene, had said to Don Pedro and Claudio; and so the groundwork is laid for the coming contrast between their protestations of resolute celibacy and their subsequent engagement.

*Beat.* Not till Heaven make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? To make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none. Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you. If the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

*Beat.* The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time. If the Prince be too importunate, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace. The first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, full of state and anticthy; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by daylight.

Beatrice is now in the gayest spirits, and in the very mood to encounter her old enemy, Benedick. He appears forthwith at the revel at Leonato's house, masked like the other guests. Benedick has thrown himself in her way; he has danced with her; and thinking she does not penetrate the disguise of his domino and mask, has been telling her he had been informed that her wit was borrowed and her temper disdainful. She knows him at once, but affects not to do so; so that in the dialogue between them the actress has the most delightful scope for bringing out the address, the graceful movement, the abounding joyousness which make Beatrice the paragon of her kind. With a plaintive, ill-used air, she asks him—

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so?

*Bene. (in a feigned voice).* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you tell me who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales."

Then, as if the truth had just flashed upon her, she continues,—

Well, this was Signor Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

By this time Benedick has begun to wish himself anywhere but where he is. But his restlessness only stimulates Beatrice to take her full revenge upon him by presenting him in the light which, to a high-spirited man, would be intolerable. Never again shall he venture to say she had her wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales."

*Beat.* Why, he is the Prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders. None but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. . . .

Benedick tries to break away from her, saying, "When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say;" but he is not allowed to escape.

Do, do! [says Beatrice, mocking him]. He'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night.

With this Beatrice lets him go; but how deeply her barbed shafts have pierced him is seen anon, when he returns to the scene. He has been laughing at Claudio for, as he believes, letting Don Pedro win his mistress Hero for himself, but no sooner does Claudio leave him, than the jibes of Lady Beatrice recur to his memory:—

That my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The Prince's fool! Ha! it may be, that I go under that title, because I am merry. Yea, so; I am apt to do myself wrong. I am not so reputed. It is nought but the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

"As he may!" There is an amusing despair in the confession. He feels that

Beatrice has fairly driven him off the field. This becomes more apparent when Don Pedro breaks in upon his musing with these unwelcome words: "The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you." Poor Benedick at once lets out the secret, which Beatrice had kept from the prince, that the gentleman in question was himself. Indignation makes him eloquent and witty even beyond his wont.

Oh, she misused me past the endurance of a block. An oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her. My very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, [ah, where was then his vaunted shrewdness?] that I was the Prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw, huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs. . . . I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed.

Not marry her! Are we to read in this, that Benedick had at some time nourished dreams about her, not wholly consistent with his creed of celibacy? Not unlikely, if we couple this remark with what he had said to Claudio about her beauty as compared with Hero's. But, while they speak, Beatrice is seen approaching with her uncle, Claudio, and Hero, and, in the same spirit of exquisite exaggeration, Benedick, who in his present mood will not run the risk of a fresh encounter, asks Don Pedro if he will not "command him any service to the world's end;" offering to go anywhere, do anything, "rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy," and makes his escape, exclaiming as he goes, "O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my Lady Tongue." All this time Benedick quite forgets that he has himself to blame if Beatrice has dealt sharply with him; for had he not given her the severest provocation by attacking her under the shelter of his mask? If volubility of speech were her sin, how much greater is his? Rich as her invention is, and fertile her vocabulary, Benedick excels her in both. But what great talker ever knew his own weakness?

Meanwhile Beatrice has been requested by Don Pedro to bring Count Claudio. She has evidently found out, by the way, the secret of his sullenness; and when Don Pedro inquires the cause, she puts

the case with her usual aptness and pleasantry: "The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion." He is speedily disabused of his suspicions, and made happy by Don Pedro's assurance that Hero has been won for him, and her father's "good-will obtained."

Despite of all that she has said against marriage for herself, Beatrice, who is in Hero's secret, is glad of a result which makes her cousin happy. "Speak, count," she says to Claudio, who has scarcely recovered from his surprise; "'tis your cue." And when he does speak, and very well too, she turns with a similar adjuration to the blushing Hero.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my lord: I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.

But she is for the moment too intent on watching the lovers to think of herself, and she continues, —

My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good Lord! for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigho! for a husband.

*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady?

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days. Your grace is too costly to wear every day.

Here, true lady as she is, it crosses her mind that her high spirits may have carried her too far, and may lead the prince to misunderstand her. With the bright and innocent frankness which obviously gives her a special charm in his eyes, she prays his forgiveness.

I beseech your grace, pardon me! I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

With just the slightest inflection of pathos in her voice, Beatrice replies: —

No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, Heaven give you joy!

Her uncle now asks her "to look to some things he had told her of." Be sure she was the presiding spirit in his household. How sweetly and prettily does she go upon his bidding! "I cry you mercy, uncle;" then curtesying to the Prince of Aragon, "By your grace's leave!" to excuse herself for leaving thus abruptly. When she has gone, Don Pedro sums up his impression of her in the words, "By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady." In answer to his remark that Beatrice "cannot endure to hear tell of a husband," Leonato answers, "Oh, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit!" Don Pedro has, however, seen enough of the relations between her and Benedick to conclude that a worse thing might befall them, than that their witty warfare should be turned to wooing. He has obviously a strong regard for both, and he "would fain have it a match." She, he says, "were an excellent wife for Benedick;" and Benedick, a man "of noble strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty," as he knows him to be, is "not the unhopefullest husband that he knows." So, to beguile the week that is to elapse before Claudio's marriage, he undertakes "to bring them into a mountain of affection, the one with the other." Hero, acting upon the suggestions Don Pedro will give her, is so to "humor" her cousin, "that she shall fall in love with Benedick;" while he himself, along with Leonato and Claudio, are so to "practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach," he shall fall in love with Beatrice.

While they are perfecting their little well-meant plot, Don John and his retainer, Borachio, are hatching theirs for destroying Hero's reputation, and breaking off her marriage, by making Don Pedro and Count Claudio believe that, on the night before her wedding-day, they see Borachio leave her chamber by the window. The way in which the temporary success of this second plot is made, to work most effectually for the permanent success of the first, is one of the many proofs of Shakespeare's transcendent skill in dramatic construction.

There is no need to speak at length of the admirable scene in which Don Pedro, Leonato, and Count Claudio persuade Benedick that Beatrice dotes upon him, while "she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor him," and "will die ere she will make her love known." So cleverly is the dialogue managed, that

Benedick must have had a heart of stone, as well as superhuman acuteness, had he not been moved by it. He does not easily fall into the snare. Don Pedro alone could not have deceived him. But how can he refuse to believe Leonato, "the white-bearded fellow," whom he knows to be devoted to Beatrice? Was it conceivable that he, her uncle and guardian, should be speaking pure fiction, when he says that "she loves Benedick with an enraged affection, — it is past the infinite of thought"? And why should Claudio, his own familiar and trusted friend, be in the same tale, unless he had really learned from Hero, as he says he has, the true state of Beatrice's affection, and "that she will die ere she make her love known"?

The conspirators have not spared Benedick, while extolling Beatrice, — dwelling much on his scornful and contemptuous spirit, — and Don Pedro, at the same time that he protests he "loves him well," adding very craftily a wish, that Benedick "would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady." Benedick's first thought is not of his own shortcomings. In this, as we presently see, he is very different from Beatrice. He at once, with pardonable complacency, accepts the fact that Beatrice loves him: in that belief all his former invectives against her are forgotten, and he feels her love "must be requited." She is no longer "Lady Disdain," "the fury," "the harpy." On the contrary, she is "fair," "virtuous," "wise, but in loving him." In any case he "will be horribly in love with her;" and so possessed is he with the triumphant feeling that he stands high in her regard, that when she presently appears to tell him she is "sent against her will to bid him come in to dinner," he actually "spies some marks of love in her," and finds a meaning flattering to the thought in the very phrases which she studiously uses to prove with what reluctance she had come upon the errand. He leaves the scene, protesting, "I will go get her picture!"

Now it is Beatrice's turn to fall into a similar snare. It is laid for her by Hero and her gentlewoman Ursula; and in the very exuberance of a power that runs without effort into the channel of melodious verse, Shakespeare passes from the terse, vivid prose of the previous scene into rhythmical lines, steeped in music and illuminated by fancy. Margaret is despatched to tell Beatrice that her cousin and Ursula are talking about her, and to

bid her steal into the pleached bower,  
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,  
Forbid the sun to enter.

And anon we see her

like a lapwing, run  
Close by the ground to hear their conference.

It is of course an overwhelming surprise to Beatrice to hear that "Benedick loves her so entirely." She is at first incredulous. Still her attention is fairly arrested. She listens with eager curiosity; but begins to feel a tightening at the heart when her cousin says:—

But Nature never framed a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising what they look on; and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-endear'd.

*Urs.* Sure, I think so;  
And therefore, certainly, it were not good  
She knew his love, lest she make sport of it.

Hero, with a power of witty and somewhat merciless sarcasm, new to Beatrice in her gentle cousin, drives still further home the charge of pride and scornfulness:—

Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,

But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,  
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;

If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,  
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;  
If low, an agate very vilely cut;  
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds,  
If silent, why, a block moved with none.

All this makes Beatrice smile, for it reminds her of her own thoughts about some of her unsuccessful wooers. But what follows sends the blood in upon her heart:—

So turns she every man the wrong side out,  
And never gives to truth and virtue that  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Why, why, if this be so, has not Hero let her hear of it from herself? The feeling of shame and bitter self-reproach deepens as Hero goes on:—

To be so odd, and from all fashions,  
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:  
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,  
She would mock me into air: oh, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.  
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,  
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly—  
It were a better death than die with mocks.

We know that all this is overstated for a purpose. But Beatrice has no such suspicion. She is wounded to the quick, and Hero's words strike deeper, because Beatrice has up this time seen no signs that her cousin had entertained this harsh view of her character. The cup of self-reproach is full, as Hero proceeds:—

No, I will rather go to Benedick,  
And counsel him to fight against his passion.  
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders  
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know  
How much an ill word doth empoison liking.

This was too much, and it seemed to me, as I heard it, as if I could endure no more, but must break from my concealment and stop their cruel words. Ursula's more kindly rejoinder is some balm to Beatrice.

Oh, do not do your cousin such a wrong.  
She cannot be so much without true judgment,  
(Having so swift and excellent a wit  
As she is prized to have) as to refuse  
So rare a gentleman as Signor Benedick.

What follows is not unwelcome to her ears, for it is all in praise of Benedick as one who

For shape, for bearing, argument, and valor,  
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

When they are gone, and Beatrice comes from her hiding-place in "the pleached bower," she has become to herself another woman. It is not so much that her nature is changed, as that it has been suddenly developed. She is dazed, astounded at what she has overheard. "What fire is in mine ears?" she exclaims; "Can this be true?" Am I such a self-assured, scornful, disdainful, vain-glorious creature? Is it thus I appear even to those who know me best, and whom I love the best? Do I look down contemptuously on others from the height of my own deserts? Am I so "self-endear'd" that I see worth and cleverness only in myself? Do I carry myself thus proudly? Have I been living in a delusion? Have my foolish tongue and giddy humor presented me in a light so untrue to my real self? What an awakening! She does not think of others. She feels no shade of bitterness against Hero,—her reproaches are all against herself. "Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?" There must be an end to this, and quickly.

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!  
No glory lives behind the back of such.

After this complete self-abasement

comes fresh wonder, in the remembrance of what Hero and Ursula have said of Benedick's infatuation for her. That he likes her, she has probably suspected more than once; and now she learns that it is her wicked mocking spirit which has alone prevented him from making open avowal of his devotion. All this shall be changed. If, despite the past, he indeed loves her, he must be rewarded. No one knows his good qualities better than she. She will accept his shortcomings — for what grave faults of her own has she not to correct? — and for the future touch them so gently, that in time either they will vanish, or she will hardly wish them away. Henceforth she must give him such encouragement as will make him happy in the avowal of his love.

So, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.  
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee  
To tie our loves up in a holy band:  
For others say thou dost deserve; and I  
Believe it better than reportingly.

This is the point in the play in which the underlying nobleness and generosity of Beatrice leap into view. If she were indeed what Hero described — still more, if this were, as Hero had said, the general impression — she might well be excused, had she asked why Hero, her bosom friend, her "bedfellow," as we are subsequently told, had never hinted at faults so serious? But Beatrice neither reproaches her cousin, nor seeks to extenuate the defects laid to her charge. She trusts Hero implicitly, and being herself incapable of deceit or misrepresentation, she regards Hero's heavy indictment as a thing not to be impugned. The future, she resolves, shall make it impossible for any one to entertain such a conception of her as Hero has described.

This is the turning-point in Beatrice's life; and in the representation it should be shown by her whole demeanor, and especially by the way the lines just quoted are spoken, that a marked change has come over her since, "like a lapwing," she stole into the bower of honeysuckles. Thus the audience will be prepared for the development of the high qualities which she soon afterwards displays.

She is then one of the brilliant group that accompanies Hero to the altar. When Claudio brings forward his accusation against his bride, Beatrice is struck dumb with amazement. Indignation at the falsehood of the charge, and at the unmanliness that could wait for such a moment to make

it, is mingled with the keenest sympathy for Leonato as well as for Hero. I never knew exactly for which of the two my sympathy should most be shown, and I found myself by the side now of the one, now of the other. Hero had her friends, her attendants round her; but her kind uncle and guardian stands alone. Strangely enough, his brother Antonio, who plays a prominent part afterwards, is not at the wedding.

Beatrice's blood is all on fire at the disgrace thus brought upon her family and herself. When she hears the vile slander supported by Don Pedro; and when Don John, that sour-visaged hypocrite whom she dislikes by instinct, with insolent audacity throws fresh reproaches upon the fainting Hero, her eye falls on Benedick, who stands apart bewildered, looking on the scene with an air of manifest distress. In that moment, as I think, Beatrice makes up her mind that he shall be her cousin's champion. Were she not a woman, she would herself enter the lists to avenge the wrong: since she cannot do this directly, she will do it indirectly by enlisting this new-found lover in her cause. How happy a coincidence it is, that Hero has so lately brought the fact of Benedick's devotion to her knowledge! All remembrance of the harsh, the unkind accusations against herself, with which the information was mixed up, has vanished from her mind. It was Hero who revealed to her the unsuspected love of Benedick, — at least its earnestness and depth, — and Hero shall be the first to benefit by it.

Benedick is so present to her thoughts, that when Hero faints in her arms, she calls to him, as well as to Leonato and the Friar, to come to her assistance. "Help, uncle! Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signor Benedick! Friar!" Nor is he unmoved by what he has noted in Beatrice. Her deep emotion has touched him, and he begins to waver in his belief in the charge against Hero, when he hears Beatrice exclaim, with a voice resonant with the energy of assured conviction, "Oh, on my soul, my cousin is belied!" He is not disinclined to accept the Friar's suggestion that "there is some strange misprision in the princes," and his instinct at once leads him to suspect that they have been the dupes of Don John.

Two of them have the very bent of honor;  
And if their wisdom be misled in this,  
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,  
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Possessed as Benedick was with this



idea of the man, it is obvious that, if his friends had taken him into their counsels, they would never have fallen into Don John's toils. Benedick's words were, no doubt, the echo of Beatrice's own thought. She would be grateful for them, and still more for the tone and manner, so well fitted to raise him in her esteem, of his parting speech to Leonato:—

Signor Leonato, let the friar advise you:  
And though you know my inwardness and love  
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,  
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this  
As secretly and justly as your soul  
Should with your body.

What a conflict of strong emotions used to come over me when acting this scene! It begins solemnly, yet happily; but oh, how soon all is changed! One may imagine that to the marriage of the daughter of the governor of Messina the whole nobility of the place would be invited. Claudio, we have been told, has an uncle living in Messina. He and all Claudio's kinsfolk would be present, and the people of the city would naturally throng to the ceremony. Think what it was for the bride to be brought to shame before such an assemblage,—to be given back into her father's hands, and branded with unchastity! What consternation to even the mere lookers-on—what dismay to those more directly concerned! Hero is at first so stunned, so bewildered, so unable to realize what is meant by the accusation, that she cannot speak. When Claudio, assuming conscious guilt from her silence, went on with his charge, I could hardly keep still. My feet tingled, my eyes flashed lightning upon the princes and Claudio. Oh, that I had been her brother, her male cousin, and not a powerless woman! How I looked around in quest of help, and gladly saw Benedick standing apart from the rest! And how shame seemed piled on shame when that hateful Prince John, as he left the scene, said to the victim of his villainy,—

Thus, pretty lady,  
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment!

Oh, for a flight of deadly arrows to send after him! Then Claudio's parting speech, with its flowery sentimentalism, so out of place in one who had played so merciless a part, sickened me with contempt.

How gladly I saw these shallow maliggers disappear! Something must now be learned or done to clear away their slander. I felt with what chagrin Beatrice, when asked, was obliged to confess, that

last night she was not by the side of Hero—

Although, until last night,  
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow!

And yet how simple to myself was the explanation! Each had to commune with herself—Hero on the serious step she was taking, a step requiring many orisons to “move the heavens to smile upon her state;” and Beatrice, to think on what had been revealed to her of her own shortcomings, as well as of Benedick's undreamed-of attachment to herself. At such a time, hours of perfect rest and solitary meditation would be welcome and needful to them both.

But Beatrice is no dreamer. The friar's plan of giving out that Hero is dead and so awakening Claudio's remorse, will not wipe out the wrong done to her cousin or the indignity offered to her kin. Therefore she lets her friends retire, lingering behind, to the surprise, possibly, of some who might expect that she would go with them to comfort Hero. She is bent on finding for her a better comfort than lies in words. Benedick, she feels sure, will remain, if she does. And he, how could he do otherwise? This beautiful woman, whom he has hitherto known all joyousness, and seeming indifference to the feelings of others, has revealed herself under a new aspect, and one that has drawn him towards her more than he has ever been drawn towards woman before. He has noted how all through this terrible scene she has been the only one to stand by, to defend, to try to cheer the slandered Hero. Her courage and her tenderness have roused the chivalry of his nature. So deeply is he moved, that I believe, even if he had not previously been influenced by what he had been told of Beatrice's love, he would from that time have been her lover and devoted servant.

There is tenderness in his voice as he accosts her. “Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?” But it is only when she hears him say, “Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged,” that she dashes her tears aside, and can give voice to the thought that has for some time been uppermost in her mind.

Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

These words are not to be interpreted,

as by some they have been, as spoken in Beatrice's usually sarcastic vein. She only means that, being neither a kinsman, nor in any way connected with Hero's family, he cannot step forward to do her right. In this sense the words are understood by Benedick, who takes the most direct way of removing the difficulty by the avowal of his love. "I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?" After what she has overheard, this makes her smile, but it causes her no surprise. With the thought of Hero's vindication uppermost in her heart, what can she do but answer Benedick's avowal by her own? And yet to make it is by no means easy, as we see by her words, somewhat in the old vein:—

As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you,—but believe me not [half confessing, and then withdrawing]; and yet I lie not [again yielding, and again falling back]. I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.

To extricate herself from her embarrassment, she turns away from the subject with the words, spoken with tremulous emotion, "I am sorry for my cousin." But Benedick is impatient for a clearer assurance. Observe how skilfully, even while she humors him, she leads him on to the point on which she has set her mind:—

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

*Beat.* Why, then, God forgive me!

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice?

*Beat.* You have stayed me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

And now that their mutual confessions have been so wittily and earnestly given, Beatrice recurs to what she has never for a moment forgotten,—the wrongs of her cousin, the outraged honor of the house of which she is herself a scion, the stain on its escutcheon. These must be avenged, and if Benedick indeed loves her, it must be he who shall stand forth as the avenger, for, as her accepted lover, that will be his "office." So when he says, "Come, bid me do anything for thee!" in a breath she exclaims, "Kill Claudio!" This de-

mand, spoken with an intensity which leaves no room to doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest, staggers Benedick. Claudio is his chosen friend, they have just gone through the perils of war together, and he replies, "Ha! not for the wide world!" "You kill me to deny; farewell," says Beatrice, and is about to leave him. In vain he importunes her to remain; and now he is made to see indeed the strength and earnestness of her nature. All the pent-up passion that has shaken her during the previous scene, breaks out:—

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman? Oh, that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor,—O Heaven, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place!

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice —

*Beat.* Talk with a man out of a window! A proper saying!

*Bene.* Nay, but Beatrice —

*Beat.* Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat —

*Beat.* Princes and Counties! Surely a princely testimony, a good Count-Confect, a sweet gallant surely! Oh, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongues, and trim ones too. He is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears it! I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

In her anger and distress Beatrice will not, cannot listen to what Benedick would say. At last he has a chance, when her tears are streaming, and her invectives are exhausted. "By this hand, I love thee!" he says, and he has been loving her more and more all through her burst of generous and eloquent indignation. "Use it for my love," she replies, still quivering with emotion, "some other way than swearing by it!" Then with all seriousness he asks her, "Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?" As serious and solemn is her answer, "Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul!" His rejoinder is all she could desire:—

Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge

him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin. I must say she is dead. And so, farewell.

And so they part, each with a much higher respect for the other than before. Thanks to the poet's skill, the trouble that has fallen on Leonato's house has served to bind them to each other by the strongest tie, and to make their mutual regard and ultimate union only in the very slightest degree dependent on the plot devised by their friends.

It has, I know, been considered a blemish in Beatrice, that at such a moment she should desire to risk her lover's life. How little can those who think so enter into her position, or understand the feelings with which a noble woman would in such circumstances be actuated! What she would have done herself, had she been a man, to punish the traducer of her kinswoman and bosom friend, and to vindicate the family honor, she has a right to expect her engaged lover will do for her. Her honor as a member of the family is at stake, and what woman of spirit would think so meanly of her lover as to doubt his readiness to risk his life in such a cause? The days of chivalry were not gone in Shakespeare's time; neither, I trust and believe, are they gone now. I am confident that all women who are worthy of a brave man's love, will understand and sympathize with the feeling that animated Beatrice. Think of the wrong done to Hero,—the unnecessary aggravation of it in the moment chosen for publishing what Beatrice knows to be a vile slander! Benedick adopts her conviction, and, having adopted it, the course she urges is the one he must himself have taken. Could he leave it to the only male members of his adopted family, Leonato and Antonio, two elderly men, to champion the kinswoman of the lady of his love?

The manner in which he bears himself in the scene of his challenge to Count Claudio proves that, under the gaiety of his general demeanor, lies, just as in Beatrice, a high and earnest and generous spirit. In parting from her he had said, "As you hear of me, so think of me." Had she seen with what dignity and quiet courage he meets the jibes and sarcasms of Don Pedro and Claudio, her heart must have gone out towards him with its inmost warmth. How much it cost him to renounce their friendship is very delicately shown. By the way he has heard that

Don John has fled from Messina,—an incident calculated to strengthen his suspicions that it was he who had hatched the plot against Hero. But however this may be, they are not without reproach; so, turning to Don Pedro, he says:—

My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina. You have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and, till then, peace be with him.

Knowing that Beatrice will be all impatience to learn what has passed between himself and Claudio, Benedick hastens to seek her. He longs to be again with her, for he is by this time "horribly in love," as he said he would be. Not Leander, he tells us, nor Troilus, nor "a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even run of a blank verse, were ever so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love." When Beatrice hears from Margaret that he desires speech of her, how readily does she answer to the summons! Once fairly satisfied that Claudio has undergone Benedick's challenge, her heart is lightened, and she can afford to resume some of her natural gaiety, and let herself be wooed. Then follows the charming dialogue in which the problem how they came to fall in love with each other is discussed. How much there is here for the actress to express! What pretty sarcasms and humorous sadness!—quite impossible to explain in words.

*Bene.* And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* "Suffer love"? A good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates. . . .

*Bene.* And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend! There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

This is Ursula with the tidings that the

plot against Hero has been unmasked, "the prince and Claudio mightily abused, and Don John, the author of all, fled and gone." "Will you go hear this news, signor?" says Beatrice. His rejoinder shows him all the happy lover. "I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thine eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's." How quaintly comes in the "moreover" here!

When we see them again, they are with Leonato, Hero, and the others, who are met to receive Don Pedro and Claudio, and to seal the reconciliation which has been arranged by the marriage of Claudio, with the lady whom he believes to be Hero's cousin. Marriage being in the air, Benedick has decided that the good friar shall have double duty to perform on the occasion. Leonato's consent to his wedding Beatrice is granted freely; and in giving it he bewilders Benedick by obscure references to the plot for bringing the two together. Before an explanation can be given, the prince and Claudio arrive. Although well pleased that he is no longer required to call his old friend to account, Benedick takes care to show, by his coldness and reserve, that he considers them to have behaved badly, even had the story been true which Don John had beguiled them into believing. When the prince rallies him about his "February face," he makes no rejoinder. But when Claudio, with infinite bad taste, at a moment when his mind should have been full of the gravest thoughts, attacks him in the same spirit, Benedick turns upon him with caustic severity. The entrance of Hero with her ladies masked arrests what might have grown into hot words. Hero is given to Claudio, and accepts him with a ready forgiveness, which I feel very sure, under similar circumstances, Beatrice's self-respect would not have permitted her to grant. Such treatment as Claudio's would have chilled all love within her. She would never have trusted as her husband the man who had allowed himself to be so easily deceived, and who had once openly shamed her before the world. Hero, altogether a feeble nature, neither looks so far into the future, nor feels so intensely what has happened in the past. But, to my thinking, her prospects of lasting happiness with the credulous and vacillating Claudio are somewhat doubtful.

I have no misgivings about the future happiness of Benedick and Beatrice, even although they learn how they have been misled into thinking that each was dying

for the other, and up to the moment of going to the altar keep up their witty struggles to turn the tables on each other. How delightful is the last glimpse we get of them! Beatrice, to tease Benedick, has been holding back among the other ladies, when he expects that she would be ready to go with him to the altar; and when at last, fairly puzzled, he asks, "Which is Beatrice?" and she unmasks, with the words, "What is your will?" he inquires, with an air of surprise, "Do not you love me?" What follows gives us once more the bright, joyous, brilliant Beatrice of the early scenes:—

*Beat.* Why, no! No more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then, your uncle, the Prince, and Claudio, have been deceived; they swore you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me?

*Bene.* Troth, no! No more than reason.

*Beat.* Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula, are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

*Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick for me.

*Beat.* They swore that you were wellnigh dead for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter:—Then you do not love me?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

And they break away from each other, as if all were over between them. But when their love sonnets each to the other are produced by Claudio and Hero, there can be but one end. Still, however, the war of wit goes on.

*Bene.* A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts! Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity!

*Beat.* I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Beatrice has, as usual, the best of it in this encounter, but Benedick is too happy to care for such defeat. He knows he has won her heart, and that it is a heart of gold. He can, therefore, well afford to smile at the epigrams of "a college of wit-crackers," and the quotation against himself of his former smart sayings about lovers and married men. His home, I doubt not, will be a happy one—all the happier because Beatrice and he have each a strong individuality, with fine spirits and busy brains, which will keep life from stagnating. They will always be finding out something new and interesting in each other's character. As for Beatrice, at least, one feels sure that Benedick will have a great deal to discover and

to admire in her the more he knows her. She will prove the fitness of her name, as Beatrice (the giver of happiness), and he will be glad to confess himself blest indeed (Benedictus) in having won her.

One might go on writing of this delightful play forever. But it is not for me to go further into its merits. No doubt such criticism has often been written by abler hands. I have but to do with Beatrice, and I can only hope that, in impersonating her, I have given one-half the pleasure to my audience that I have had in taking upon me her nature for the time. Such representations were to me a pure holiday. However tired I might be when the play began, the pervading joyousness of her character soon took hold of me, and bore me delightedly on. The change to this bright, high-spirited, gallant-hearted lady, from the more soul-absorbing and pathetic heroines which on most occasions it fell to my lot to represent, was welcome to my often wearied spirits as a breeze from the sea.

I have told you of my first performance of Beatrice. Before I conclude, let me say a word as to my last. It was at Stratford-upon-Avon, on the opening, on 23d of April, 1879 (Shakespeare's birthday), of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. I had watched with much interest the completion of this most appropriate tribute to the memory of our supreme poet. The local enthusiasm, which would not rest until it had placed upon the banks of his native stream a building in which his best plays might be from time to time presented, commanded my warm sympathy. It is a beautiful building; and when, standing beside it, I looked upon the church wherein all that was mortal of the poet is laid, and, on the other hand, my eyes rested on the site of New Place, where he died, a feeling even more earnest, more reverential, came over me than I ever experienced in Westminster Abbey, or in Santa Croce, or in any other resting-place of the mighty dead. It was a deep delight to me to be the first to interpret on that spot one of my great master's brightest creations. Everything conspired to make the occasion happy. From every side of Shakespeare's county, from London, from remote provinces, came people to witness that performance. The characters were all well supported, and the fact that we were acting in Shakespeare's birthplace, and to inaugurate his memorial theatre, seemed to inspire us all. I found my own delight doubled by the sensitive sympathy of my audience.

Every turn of playful humor, every flash of wit, every burst of strong feeling told; and it is a great pleasure to me to think, that on that spot and on that occasion I made my last essay to present a living portraiture of the Lady Beatrice.

The success of this performance was aided by the very judicious care which had been bestowed upon all the accessories of the scene. The stage, being of moderate size, admitted of no elaborate display. But the scenes were appropriate and well painted, the dresses were well chosen, and the general effect was harmonious — satisfying the eye, without distracting the spectator's mind from the dialogue and the play of character. It was thus possible for the actors to secure the close attention of the audience, and to keep it. This consideration seems to me to be now too frequently overlooked.

The moment the bounds of what is sufficient for scenic illustration are over-leaped, a serious wrong is, in my opinion, done to the actor, and, as a necessary consequence, to the spectator also. With all good plays this must in some measure be the case, but where Shakespeare is concerned, it is so in a far greater degree. How can actor or actress hope to gain that hold upon the attention of an audience by which it shall be led to watch, step by step, from the first scene to the last, the development of a complex yet harmonious character, or the links of a finely adjusted plot, if the eye and ear are being overfed with gorgeous scenery, with dresses extravagant in cost, and not unfrequently quaint even to grotesqueness in style, or by the bustle and din of crowds of people, whose movements unsettle the mind and disturb that mood of continuous observation of dialogue and expression, without which the poet's purpose can neither be developed by the former nor appreciated by his audience?

For myself, I can truly say I would rather that the *mise en scène* should fall short of being sufficient, than that it should be overloaded. However great the strain — I too often felt it — of so engaging the minds of my audience, as to make them forget the poverty of the scenic illustration, I would at all times rather have encountered it, than have had to contend against the influences which withdraw the spectator's mind from the essentials of a great drama to its mere adjuncts. When Juliet is on the balcony, it is on her the eye should be riveted. It should not be wandering away to the moonlight, or to the pomegranate-trees of Capulet's



garden, however skilfully simulated by the scene-painter's and the machinist's skill. The actress who is worthy to interpret that scene requires the undivided attention of her audience. I cite this as merely one of a host of illustrations that have occurred to my mind in seeing the lavish waste of merely material accessories upon the stage in recent years. How often have I wished that some poetic spirit had been charged with the task of fitting the framework to the picture, which would have made the resources of the painter's and costumier's art subordinate to the poet's design, and have furnished a harmonious and unobtrusive background for the play of character, emotion, passion, humor, and imagination, which it was his object to set before us!

Of course, there are plays where very much must depend upon the setting in which they are placed. Who that saw it, for example, can ever forget Stanfield's scene in "Acis and Galatea," when produced by Mr. Macready? The eye never wearied of resting upon it, nor the ear of listening to the rippling murmur of the waves as they gently rushed up and broke upon the shore of that sun-illuminated sea. Such a background enriched the charm of even Händel's music, and blended delightfully with the movements of the nymphs and shepherds by whom the business of the scene was carried on.

Nor, as I have been told, was his revival of the "Comus" less admirable. You may have seen it, dear Mr. Ruskin; and, if you have, you can judge of its merits far better than I. For as I acted "the Lady," I can, of course, speak only of the scenes in which she took part. These impressed me powerfully, and helped my imagination as I acted. The enchanted wood was admirably presented, with its dense, bewildering maze of trees, so easy to be lost in, so difficult to escape from, with the fitful moonlight casting broad shadows, and causing terrors to the lonely, bewildered girl, whose high trust and confidence in Supreme help alone keep her spirits from sinking under the wild "fantasies," that throng into her memory, "of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire." It seemed to me the very place the poet must have pictured to himself. Not less so appeared to me the Hall of Comus—so far as I could see it from the enchanted chair in which the Lady sits spellbound. It was a kind of Aladdin's garden, all aglow with color and brilliancy. And then the rabble rout, so gay, so variously clad, some like Helès,

some like hags; figures moving to and fro, some beautiful as Adonis, others like Fauns and bearded Satyrs! Add to this the weird fascination of the music, the rich melody, the rampant joyousness! All served to quicken in me the feeling with which the poet has inspired the lonely Lady, when she sees herself, without means of escape, surrounded by a rabble rout full of wine and riot, and abandoned to shameless revelry. I lost myself in the reality of the situation, and found the poet's words flow from me as though they had sprung from my own heart. The blandishments of Comus's rhetoric, enforced with all the fervor and persuasiveness of delivery of which Mr. Macready was master, seemed as it were to give the indignant impulse needed to make the Lady break her silence:—

I had not thought to have unlocked my lips  
In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler  
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine  
  eyes,  
Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.  
  ... To him that dares  
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous  
  words  
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,  
Fain would I something say; yet to what end?  
  ...  
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
That hath so well been taught her dazzling  
  fence:  
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced;  
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
That dumb things should be moved to sympathy,  
  and shake,  
And the brute earth would lend her nerves,  
Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,  
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head!

I could never speak these lines without a thrill, that seemed to dilate my whole frame, and to give an unwonted fullness of vibration to the tones of my voice. Given with intense earnestness, as they were, they no doubt impressed the actors of the rabble rout, and made them feel with Comus, when he says:—

She fables not; I feel that I do fear  
Her words set off by some superior power.

It was somewhat difficult for me to speak the lines, with the whole frame thrilling, and yet unable to move a muscle, for the Lady is bound by a spell that paralyzes all her limbs. It was a good experience for me, for at that time I was given to redundancy of action. One of the most difficult things in the technical part of my

art is to gain repose of manner, — to be able, in fact, to stand still, and yet be undergoing and expressing the strongest mental emotion. What the effect may have been upon the audience I do not know; but those near my chair upon the stage told me, the night after the first representation, that they were struck with awe, and that my whole appearance seemed to become so completely transfigured under the influence of my emotion, that they would not have been amazed if the chair with the Lady in it had been swept upwards out of their sight to some holier sphere.

Here was a case in which the poet's purpose was aided by the skilful use of scenic adjuncts, without which the performer could not hope to produce the desired impression on the minds of the spectators. I can easily imagine other situations where they are of the greatest value. Indeed, I must vividly recall, as the very perfection of scenic illustration, "Henry V." and "King John," as they were produced by Mr. Macready at Drury Lane. In these revivals, as they were called, the predominating mind of a man who knew the due proportion needful to be preserved in such matters, so as not to drown but to heighten the dramatic interest, was conspicuously apparent. In plays of this class, moreover, fulness of scenic illustration is appropriate, and in skilful hands it will never be allowed to place the actors at a disadvantage. But, as a rule, it seems to me that in dramas of "high action and high passion," such things ought to be sparingly applied. Surely the aim should be, while keeping scenic accessories in stern subordination, to economize neither pains nor money in getting every character acted with all the finish that trained ability and conscientious care can give.

Foremost of all, care should be taken that the actors of all grades shall have been trained to speak blank verse correctly, — to know the laws of its construction, and while giving the meaning, to give the music of it also. It is sad to see the reckless ignorance on all these points which now prevails, and to note to what a level of feebleness and commonplace the representation of Shakespeare has, with some notable exceptions, been reduced by that nerveless and colorless thing, mistakenly called "natural acting." Thus it is that Shakespeare's plays are continually being reproduced; and yet their very essence is left out, unheeded by the actors, and, alas! as much unheeded by the au-

dience. Of what account is elaborate scenery, or dresses that will satisfy the most squeamish archæologist, if those who wear the one or move about in the other are untrue to the characters they profess to represent, and dead to the significance and the beauty of the language they have to speak?

The interest I know you, dear Mr. Ruskin, feel in these questions must be my excuse for touching upon them in this letter. May I hope that my views in regard to them, as well as my estimate of the character of Beatrice, are in harmony with yours; and that you will not think I have kept you too long "listening with all your heart" to what I have to say? — Believe me always, with sincere esteem, most truly yours,

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

31 ONSLOW SQUARE,  
6th January, 1885.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A MILLIONAIRE'S COUSIN.

"I speak of Africa and golden joys."  
(a Henry IV. v. iii.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### I GO FOR A VERY EARLY WALK.

A FEW mornings after the events recorded in the last chapter I happened to awake early, before the sun, in fact. It was not yet five o'clock; but then five o'clock on a March morning in Africa carries no such tremendous terrors with it as at home, so, after a few futile efforts to go to sleep again, I resolved to get up and start for an early stroll.

There had been a heavy sea fog at night, and when I got down into the garden everything I passed was drenched with moisture. Up the narrow path I followed the acacia bushes seemed to have all involved themselves like houris in thin transparent veils, through which the leaves and twigs peeped seductively. Below the sea lay like a glass, set in that peculiarly dreamy calm which in this climate is said so often to precede wild weather. Save where one of the transatlantic steamers was slowly steaming away towards Oran, not so much as a trail was visible over the whole wide surface of the Mediterranean; a long grey bank of clouds which rested upon the horizon wearing all the air of some new island or continent, suddenly sprung into existence out of the deep.

Early as it was, there were already signs of activity. From the Champs de Mars, which lay directly below me, I could hear the bugle notes sounding at intervals, and could see the little blue and red legged men — reduced by distance to the proportions of ants — swarming busily about over its brown expanse. Getting away from the knoll on which Hargrave's house stands, I passed on along deep lanes overhung with cistus and clematis, and then across low and undulating hilltops, still green and attractive in places, but spoiled and denuded by the vineyards which in this direction are rapidly swallowing up all the natural growth around them. Before long I found myself straying amongst a multitude of small stony paths, all apparently diverging in opposite directions, so looked round in hopes of seeing somebody to guide me through the labyrinth.

Presently, a *sœur de charité*, returning home from some early mission, appeared in sight advancing down one of the paths, her great white cap disturbing all the carefully balanced greys and greens of the landscape. Accordingly I waited her approach, and we walked on socially for some little distance together. She was a rosy-cheeked, cheerful-faced little being, without a touch of asceticism, and showed no unnecessary alarm at my vicinity. Just as we were about to part, the sun, suddenly mounting above the next ridge, shot its first great penetrating shaft of light across the smoking furrows, dropping down a golden rain upon the brown upturned earth and dripping hedgerows, causing everything within sight to blaze transfigured in the full effulgence.

"*Tiens, c'est gentil, n'est-ce-pas ?*" my little companion said, pointing a plump approving finger towards the luminary as she spoke.

After this I walked on alone, following her indications as best I could, until I came to one of the edges of the Sabel, and then sat me down upon a big stone to take my fill of the view, the low cactus and palmetto covered hills sinking rapidly away at my feet, with here and there a roof rising mushroom fashion out of the jungle, and beyond the great vaporous plain of the Metydja shining iridescent in the morning light, its broad, corn-covered waves sweeping southward, until they broke against the first rocky ramparts of the Atlas Mountains, rising against a sky as blue and seemingly as solid as a dome of lapis lazuli.

By this time I was beginning to be desperately hungry, and repented that I had

not thought of laying in any provisions for the road. Seeing, therefore, a house with a sort of shed or arbor before it, and an invitation to wayfarers in the form of a worm-eaten table, two chairs, and a few mats, I stopped and inquired whether I could have some coffee.

A sour-faced woman, with a smart yellow handkerchief tied across her head, came and set a table for me; set it, at least, so far as to provide a plate — not a particularly clean one — also a knife, fork, and spoon, with a coffee-cup and a salt-cellar, after which she retired, and for some time no further signs of any festivity seemed forthcoming. Having waited patiently for some time, and being, as I have said, extremely hungry, I ventured, hearing voices on the other side of a partition which divided the erection, to step round and see for myself what the prospects were of breakfast. My amazement may, however, be conceived on finding myself suddenly face to face with no less a person than Miss Bonson, who was calmly seated before another similar table, regaling herself with a large cup of milk and a slice of brown bread.

My astonishment was altogether beyond concealment.

"Are you having breakfast here?" I inquired, gazing helplessly around.

"I am having some milk and bread, if that is breakfast," she answered, smiling a little at the question. "I often do so when I go out for an early walk," she added.

I looked round again. There was absolutely no one in sight, except a dignified old gentleman in a turban and a long, white beard, who, seated cross-legged in an obscure corner, was absorbed in reflections apparently so profound as to render him unconscious of all surroundings.

"May I come and drink my coffee beside you when it arrives, or am I bound to keep my own side of the partition?" I inquired.

"Certainly, come if you like — why not?" she answered simply.

Not being prepared with a reply, I adopted the wiser course of bringing in my chair, the one on which Miss Bonson was sitting appearing to be the only other which the establishment afforded, and we seated ourselves socially at opposite sides of the rickety little table, upon which my own portion of the entertainment was shortly afterwards deposited.

Whether it was due to my previous hunger, or to the salubrious air of the locality in which we found ourselves, or

to the exhilaration of this most unexpected encounter, I am bound to say that I have rarely relished a meal more thoroughly than I did this very impromptu little festivity. Miss Bonson, too, appeared, I thought, well content. Her color was brighter and her spirits several degrees higher than I had previously observed them. The only person who did not seem to appreciate the incident was the woman with the yellow handkerchief, who came in several times, casting each time, I thought, anything but a favorable glance in my direction. A small Arab boy had come up the lane and now stood leaning against one of the posts which supported the arbor, putting out, as if mechanically, from time to time a small, dirty hand for alms. He was a pretty little being despite his dirt, his battered red fez set well back on his small, close-shaven head, his few other nondescript garments hanging about him in picturesque fragments, his brown legs crossed gracefully one above the other as he patiently awaited our pleasure.

A dog belonging to the house came growling up, snuffing angrily round the child, so Miss Bonson begged the woman to call it off. She only patted it, however.

"Fido is like me, he hates the Arabs," she said, with a harsh laugh and a glance over her shoulder at the placid smoker in the corner. "Thieves, liars, murderers, every one of them!"

Miss Bonson looked annoyed.

"Other people can tell lies and steal, as well as Arabs, Mme. Joubert," she said in a tone of displeasure. "And as to murders, it is a long time since anything of the kind has been heard of."

"A long time! *Dame!* Mademoiselle may not hear of it — very likely not, but that is because people do not speak of such things before mademoiselle; I can tell her that they happen constantly, every day, *à tout propos*. It is not six months since an old man in a house on the road to Bonfarik was murdered by seven Arabs, two of them his own herdsmen. They came very early in the morning, when every one else was away at the fair. Three of them stayed outside to keep watch, and the others went in and robbed the house of everything they could find in it, and then because the old man would cry out they murdered him with his own kitchen chopper, and carried him out and buried him in a corner of the garden. *Hein!* What does mademoiselle say to that? Was that nothing?"

"Were they caught?" I inquired.

"*Dieu merci*, yes. They were seen by a girl as they were going away, and caught, and tried, and convicted too, every one of them at the next *cour d'assise*."

"And what was done to them?"

"Done? *Dame!* *On leur a coupé le cou*" — with a significant sweep of one finger across her own bare brown throat.

"What, all of them?" I said in some surprise.

"*Dame!* Yes, all; and a good thing too! *ça leur a fait du bien!*" and gathering up her now empty cups and saucers the woman turned brusquely away to the kitchen.

"What an unpleasant woman!" I said a few minutes later, when we had paid our reckoning, and were strolling down the path towards Algiers.

"Madame Joubert? She is very unjust certainly to the Arabs, but then so are many of the colonists — most of them, in fact, unfortunately — she is not a bad woman otherwise. There are some little children belonging to a niece of hers whom she is keeping there at her own expense, though, of course, she is extremely poor."

"Her house is a meritorious one at all events," I said, glancing back. "What magnificent black hollows under the eaves, and those yellow gables, catching the light on their tops! I must come up here again with a canvas some day, and see whether I cannot make something of it."

Miss Bonson did not immediately answer; my remark seemed to have started her upon some new train of thought.

"Have you always intended to be an artist?" she presently asked abruptly.

"Always? Well, no, not always," I answered, smiling. "Always is a long time. If I recollect rightly, my first intention was to be a stoker on the railway: the noise and lights probably suggested the notion. Then for a long time I thought a circus rider's career the most glorious upon earth, and there have been moments when I aspired to be a pastry cook, but that was chiefly when I was hungry."

Miss Bonson looked as if she thought my pleasantry a little ill-timed. "I didn't mean that," she said gravely. "I meant, how long have you been studying art seriously — as a profession?"

"Between seventeen and eighteen years, I think."

"So long? Yet you look young."

"I am twenty-eight. I don't know whether you call that young or old."

"Of course it is young. You really began, then, when you were only nine years old?"

"About then. My mother had been reading about some genius who never could learn arithmetic, and disfigured all the walls in his vicinity with his sketches, but who was supporting his family and painting crowned heads by the time he was thirty; so, as I could never learn arithmetic, and ruined my copy-books by scribbling over them, the analogy seemed complete, and they and I were taken away from school and despatched to an old Mr. Sturdy, a drawing-master, who flung the latter into the fire, and set me down to draw wheelbarrows."

"Wheelbarrows! Why wheelbarrows?"

"Wheelbarrows were his *specialité*. It was before the era of scientific designing, happily for me, and my old gentleman was very strong on what he called 'the round,' maintaining that any one who could draw a wheelbarrow properly could draw anything. And I am not sure that he was very far wrong."

"And how long did you go on with him?"

"About five years — not doing wheelbarrows all the time, you understand. After a while I was promoted to stable-buckets and coal-scuttles, and then to ears and noses — plaster ones — from that to hands and feet, and so to the antique generally; by which time I was nearly fifteen, and beginning to try for the Academy."

"To exhibit?"

"No, no, for the schools. I tried twice and failed, but at last got in, and stayed there in all five years."

"And since then?"

"Since then I have been — well, hammering on, painting a good many pictures and selling — by no means quite so many."

"But you really are succeeding now? You have got over all the difficulties, have you not?" she said, stopping, short and speaking with a sort of insistence.

"Have the crowned heads begun to appear in my studio, do you mean?" I said smiling. "No, Miss Bonson, I am afraid I can't honestly say they have. As to supporting my family, I have none to support. I support myself, and that is about the very most that I can say I do."

My companion sighed, and walked on again with an air of discouragement.

"I had no idea that an artist's training took so long," she said musingly after a while.

"Well, yes, it is a long road," I answered, "and I am not sure that any of the short cuts I have ever heard of curtailed it particularly either."

Miss Bonson made no more inquiries upon the subject of art, and presently changed the conversation, and we talked for some time upon indifferent matters; before parting, however, she asked me to call some afternoon at their house, as she had some drawings about which she would like my opinion. I promised to do so, and certainly had every intention of keeping my word. Several things, however, intervened during the next two or three days to hinder my availing myself of the invitation, the consequence being that before the visit took place we met again, this time at a dinner given by Hargrave to his Algerian acquaintances.

The first person to arrive at this entertainment was Mrs. Bonson, who came sailing in with her usual swanlike grace, followed by her son and daughter. She sank gracefully into a chair, but almost immediately after sprang up again and advanced, with a series of small ecstatic shrieks, towards a curtain which hung in an obscure recess.

"Ah, so you *have* got those Circassian curtains!" she exclaimed, taking hold of the fabric in question with the tips of two delicately gloved fingers. "Now I *do* call that nice of you, dear Mr. Hargrave! It is such a comfort when one can feel that one is able to be of *real use* to one's friends, and the minute I caught sight of them I *knew* they were exactly what you wanted. I said to my friend, Erza Ben Ebenezar — such a delightful man, isn't he? only so wickedly dear — though that, of course, doesn't matter to *you* — with a heartrending sigh — 'I said to him, 'Be sure you allow nobody to have a glimpse of those curtains until Mr. Hargrave has seen them — he will buy them if any one will.' But please, please do forgive me, dear Mr. Hargrave, if I say that they are not hung rightly; they are not, *indeed*. Do excuse me, but you ought not to allow your servants to loop them up like that; it is cruel — positively cruel — Eastern fabrics should never be looped; the loop is a mere Western barbarism, a horrible thing utterly destructive of all form and harmony. And that cord too! Oh dear, dear Mr. Hargrave, how could you ever allow yourself to be induced to sit in the room with such a cord? I must close my eyes, I must indeed."

"Well, I did not know that it was so shocking, you see, Mrs. Bonson," Hargrave said, smiling, "otherwise I should not of course have had it. But if you will kindly show me now how to arrange



them, I will see that for the future they are always hung the proper way."

"Why, of course I will, nothing in the world can be simpler, it only requires a little knack. Once the eye is accustomed — Hildegarde, dearest, will *you* arrange these curtains of Mr. Hargrave's property?"

"Don't you think they do very well as they are, mamma?" responded Miss Bonson, who had hitherto kept aloof from the scene of interest.

"Oh, no, my love, they do not indeed; they are shocking — quite shocking. I beg — nay, I must *insist* — that you come at once and arrange them before any one else arrives."

"What rot it all is," muttered the amiable Marmaduke from the sofa on to which he had thrown himself. "As if it mattered two straws how the curtains were hung, or whether there were any curtains there at all for that matter."

While I was concealing the smile evoked by this undutiful sally, Hargrave's attention was called away to some fresh arrivals, and shortly afterwards the rooms became filled.

A few of the guests I had met before, but the greater number were total strangers to me, which left me the more free to observe what was going on. Hargrave's disadvantageous position as the owner of a house unprovided with a mistress was largely compensated for by Mrs. Bonson, who kindly swam, rather than walked, from group to group, pointing out, explaining, patronizing, expending all the treasures of her flowery volubility right and left with amazing profusion. Whether he perceived, or did not perceive, her efforts — was grateful for them, or the reverse — was not apparent from Hargrave's manner. He pursued the even tenor of his own way, greeting every one with his usual somewhat matter-of-fact cordiality, introducing stray guests to one another, and assigning the respective order in which they were to proceed to the meal, in the course of which latter manoeuvre I found myself being marched up to a young lady with a round, freckled face, a pair of wide eyes and a mouth to match, who had, as I speedily learnt, arrived at Algiers the night before in her papa's yacht. She was rather a good-looking young woman despite her freckles, and once seated at the dinner-table, I began discoursing politely to her upon the usual local topics, but soon found the ground cut from under my feet. "Had I been to Bizerta, and Bone, and Constantine, and Tangiers,

and Tetuan?" she rapidly inquired. For her own part she thought she liked Moga-dor about as well as any other place upon the African coast. There was some fun in walking about a town where, if you appeared without a veil, they stared at you as if you had got two heads, or were committing every crime in the decalogue. Algiers was a horribly stupid place, wasn't it? There was no fun at all to be got out of it. She could not think, in fact, herself why her father had put in there, except that he had hoped to find some letters. When they left they were going on straight to Tangiers without once stopping. Not to see it, of course, for they had been there dozens of times before, but because the "Albatross," and the "Warhawk," and the "Cuttlefish" had done it in fifty-four hours, and their skipper was sure they could do it in fifty-one, and she was sure they could too; for as for the "Cuttlefish," every one knew that she was no better than an old tub, and no more fit to sail against *their* boat than a washhand basin. Finding that I had not been to any of those places, that I did not possess a yacht, and moreover should not have cared to sail in one if I had, my young lady (I never to the end ascertained her name) soon dropped my acquaintance, and shortly after devoted herself to a stout, copper-faced individual who sat upon her other side, and who probably *had* been to all those places, for his complexion looked as if he had been held forcibly in the teeth of a gale ever since his earliest infancy.

The evening was not, I thought, lively. There was a little indifferent music, and a good deal of wandering about, and vague gaping at Hargrave's curiosities, which were eloquently commented upon by their usual expositor, who undulated from room to room, taking various guests to this and that point of attraction. Once I observed that Miss Bonson and Hargrave had got together in a recess, he apparently telling her something — I was too far off to know what — which seemed to interest her. Just then, however, Mrs. Bonson happened to sail by on the arm of one of her various escorts, and as she did so paused to fling a glance of mingled maternal pride and commendation in their direction, upon receipt of which her daughter seemed suddenly to stiffen into rigidity, and I shortly afterwards observed that she had left Hargrave and was standing in close proximity to the piano; nor did they, so far as I could observe, exchange another syllable during the rest of the evening.

As she was the first to arrive so Mrs. Bonson was also the last to depart, apparently under the impression that it was incumbent upon her to see the rest of the guests away before quitting herself the scene of her elocutionary triumphs. Descending the staircase at last, with her daughter upon my arm, I could hear her a few steps below us still pouring forth unabated streams of volubility into Hargrave's patient ear.

"You weren't bored, I hope, Dol?" my host said, some five minutes later, as we were mounting the staircase with our bedroom candles in our hands.

"No, really I was hardly bored at all," I answered. "I was rather amused, in fact, than otherwise. Do tell me, Hargrave, does Mrs. Bonson always pour out such floods of eloquence as she did to-night? I thought at one time we should have been literally washed away. What a desperately oppressive woman she is, to be sure! Living permanently with her must be like residing inside a factory, or taking lodgings under the clapper of a flour-mill!"

Hargrave looked vexed.

"She does talk a good deal, certainly, but she's not a bad-hearted woman," he said quickly. "Of course she has her tiresome ways. So most people have, for the matter of that." And with a hasty good-night he stumped off up-stairs to his own room.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### HARGRAVE MAKES A PROPOSAL.

No part of the arrangements and idiosyncrasies of the Château d'Oc are in my preceptions more perplexing than the number of what, to me, appear the utterly idle and superfluous inmates with which its space is crowded. Setting aside the host and his guest, we have first and foremost old Hicklebury, the butler, an aged and asthmatic functionary, who comes wheezing into the smoking-room to announce that the "*déjeunay* is hon the table," or that "Mr. 'Agrave's 'orse is hat the door," in a tone that might befit some venerable inquisitor pronouncing the last maledictions of his Church over the body of its expiring victim. True Hicklebury is a legacy from the past, handed down to John from my great uncle's time; indeed, both in dress and deportment, presenting not a few points of resemblance to that lamented alderman; but if filial piety and an amiable desire to retain an old domestic obliges him to keep

Hicklebury, what can filial piety or sentiment of any sort have to say to his also retaining, not only two stalwart footmen to assist him, but likewise the services of that magnificent gentleman known in the establishment as "Mr. Hargrave's own man," whose duties, so far as I have as yet been able to ascertain them, seem to consist in lolling gracefully about the terrace outside the pantry door with a newspaper under his arm, or occasionally sauntering along the passages with one or other lighter accessories of John's wardrobe depending from the tips of two of his fingers.

Out of doors no less than in, the same system prevails. Hargrave rarely rides, and much more often walks than drives, yet his stable literally swarms with horses and their attendant stable-boys — sleek-headed, clean-limbed, rakish-looking youths, who seem to bring the familiar aroma of their native mews into this orange-scented scene of their doubtless detested banishment. This portion of the establishment is reigned over by a bald, wizened, but not particularly elderly man, called by his master, William, but to every one else in the household known as Mr. Tummins. A highly agreeable individual is Mr. Tummins, by the way, and personally my favorite of the entire establishment. It is true that my ignorance of the objects under his care is deplorably manifest. This, however, he is good enough to overlook, or at all events to pretend to do so, and in the golden leisure of his many unoccupied moments he has more than once favored me with his views upon a variety of valuable and interesting topics.

Latterly this leisure has been less absolute than heretofore, owing to the exactions of young Mr. Marmaduke Bonson, who has a lordly way of coming or sending up to the château and requesting the loan of this or that horse at the very shortest possible notice. About a week before the time of which I am now speaking he unfortunately discovered that the stable establishment there boasted a set of four-in-hand harness, and that two of the pairs of horses had occasionally gone together, from which moment neither Hargrave nor any one else was allowed a moment's peace until a break was had out, the four horses harnessed to it, and he himself allowed to mount the box and exhibit himself to Algiers in the character of an accomplished Jehu.

Now, that my nerves are less to be depended upon than those of the generality

of mankind, is a statement which I should be at once prepared to contradict. At the same time I do not mind admitting that to sit upon the slippery cushions of a break, behind four imperfectly trained horses, driven by young Bonson down a precipitous road abounding in loose stones and other impediments, is considerably more of a trial than I at all care to subject them to. Upon the first and only occasion upon which I did accompany the party, how any of us ever returned home alive remains to this day an entire mystery to me. Even Hargrave, who is stolidity personified, showed, I thought, occasional symptoms of nervousness and seemed preparing to assume the command whenever the crisis, never very far off, became yet more imminent; while Tummins from behind kept up a continual warning note of "Kindly, Master Bonson! Kindly, sir!" an enigmatical ejaculation which appeared to mean that Master Bonson was to avoid selecting the worst parts of the road for going faster on, and was to endeavor, if possible, to resist running over more than three of the native population at a time. Finding, therefore, upon the afternoon which followed the dinner described in the last chapter that he was again to be indulged in this his favorite pastime, I promptly excused myself, and as soon as the usual excitement of the start was over, I walked down to the villa El Hadjadj — so Mrs. Bonson's house was styled — to pay my promised visit to that lady's daughter, and to inspect the drawings.

It was a dull, dust-laden day. A sirocco had been blowing since early morning, causing all the doors and windows at the Château d'Oc to creak and moan portentously. Down in the town the dust-plague was maddening; the streets, guiltless of water-carts, being hidden under a dense yellow cloud rising and falling fitfully, now swooping in one direction and now in the other, as the hot, wild gusts harried it relentlessly hither and thither. On such a day that impression of dilapidation and shabbiness, always characteristic of the Bonson bower, became naturally even more marked than usual. No doubt a certain amount of Oriental dishabille and decrepitude would have been condoned and even welcomed by its owner as only appropriate and interesting. Unfortunately English — essentially and perversely English — shabbiness seemed to me to exhaile from the house and all its appurtenances. Genteel poverty, aristocratic indigence appeared the one prevail-

ing keynote, refusing absolutely to be eliminated by any devices that could be devised.

Entering the sitting-room — into which I was ushered by the same brown-faced youth in the same much down-trodden yellow slippers as before — I found Miss Bonson alone, and after a few minutes' conversation she proposed our adjourning to another smaller room near at hand where her drawing and painting materials were kept, and accordingly led the way thither.

She had taken down a portfolio and placed the first of the sketches contained in it in my hand, when Mrs. Bonson entered, and I was obliged to rise and offer her my greetings.

"Ah, this is very nice! Hildegard, I perceive, is showing you her paintings," she said, glancing at her daughter with an air of compassionate grace. "No, no, not to me, do not, please, show it to me, I entreat of you," she added rapidly, averting her head, as I was about to turn the one I held in my hand round for her inspection. "I am — my daughter herself will tell you so — a cruel, cruel critic; indeed I know it myself! I feel it! I often say that no amateur's work should ever under any circumstances be shown to me. My eyes are terrible. They pounce upon every defect; no blemish — even the smallest — can escape their scrutiny; the least flaw, the slightest lack of harmony is at once fatal to my enjoyment, affection itself being powerless to blind me to deficiencies, and when I see them I am miserable; my conscience gives me not a moment's rest 'until I have pointed them out."

"I am always glad, I think, to have my faults shown to me, mamma," Miss Bonson said patiently.

Rousing herself presently from the sort of æsthetic trance into which she appeared to have fallen, Mrs. Bonson proposed an adjournment to the garden, alleging that there was a fountain there which she had neglected to point out to me upon the previous occasion, and which it would be a regrettable thing for me to leave Algiers without inspecting. I expected Miss Bonson to demur to this proposal, seeing that I had been invited to the house specially to look at her drawings, and that as yet only a small portion of the portfolio had been passed in review. In this I was wrong, however. Instead of doing so she simply replaced the few sketches and studies which had been already subtracted from that recep-

tacle; shut it, and tied the strings which confined its side; which done she replaced it in its former position against the wall, and herself led the way into the adjoining room.

The sun being now tolerably hot, Mrs. Bonson did not proceed further than the doorstep, from which post she directed her daughter to the particular points to which she wished my attention called. When reached, the fountain proved to be of a very ordinary Algerian pattern; the water having been originally conveyed from one tank to another in a series of small, snake-like flutings which meandered sinuously about over the marble floor. There was a similar one, I knew, in Hargrave's garden, and I had seen others elsewhere, the chief distinguishing characteristic of the present specimen being its high degree of dilapidation; mosses and lichens, evidently the growth of years, having so choked the channels as entirely to hinder the water from flowing; a circumstance which was of the less consequence seeing that this consummation had been already effectually prevented by the leaking of the tank from which it was intended to draw its supplies.

Not finding anything to say concerning it on my return, I diverted Mrs. Bonson's attention by admiring a small but well-tended border of shrubs and flowers which stretched for some little distance before the house, contrasting with the forlorn and slovenly condition of the rest of the garden.

Having cut my farewells as short as possible, I approached Miss Bonson, who during the whole of my conversation with her mother had remained at some little distance apart, intent upon her gardening operations.

"You will let me see the rest of your drawings another time, won't you?" I said, as we shook hands.

"Certainly, if you care to do so," she answered. "I should be very glad, in fact, to have your opinion about them. I know so few artists."

She took off the gardening gloves she had assumed, and walked beside me towards the gate leading to the highroad.

"I wish for your sake you knew a better one in me then," I replied, with more gallantry, perhaps, than ingenuousness.

"You are quite good enough, probably, to measure the depth of my shortcomings," she answered, rather curtly. "I sometimes wonder whether it is not already too late," she went on; "whether I am not too old ever to study art seriously

— to take it up, I mean, as a vocation. Should you say yourself that I was too old?" she continued, scanning my face scrutinizingly as if to extort a truthful reply.

"Too old, my dear Miss Bonson, what an idea!" I exclaimed, struck by the discrepancy between the question and the youthful, brilliant beauty which confronted me; "how could you possibly be too old for anything?"

"I am twenty; that is old for a student, is it not, for a beginner?" she said simply. "You told me yourself the other day that you began before you were ten. Of course I have worked alone, but very likely that would not count for much; probably I should have as much to unlearn as to learn. That is what is hard," she went on with a sigh; "to work and feel that you have worked for nothing; that it would have been better, perhaps, if you had been idle all the time."

"Where did you think of going to study?" I inquired, evading the question as to her age, for preposterous as it was in one sense, in another, that in which she meant it, it no doubt was true. She was rather old to start upon that most arduous of tracks which more, perhaps, than most others requires the best energies, the first fresh adaptabilities of youth.

"To London. I have an aunt there — a sister of my father's — who would let me stay with her while I was learning."

Mrs. Bonson had by this time gone indoors, and we were proceeding side by side along the walk which led to the gate.

"My mother does not altogether like the idea," Miss Bonson went on gravely. "She thinks that it is — not of course a derogation, she would not think that, but an uncalled-for step upon my part — that I should be better at home. But it seems to me that there are some things about which one must judge for oneself. We are not rich, every one can see that, so there need be no concealment about it, and when that is the case it is a person's duty to work if they can."

"Your brother does not seem to see the matter in that light," I could not resist saying.

"No, he does not, but then you must remember he is not strong," she answered quickly. "I do not think that he would ever be able to work at any profession in England, the climate would never suit him; whereas I, on the contrary, am very strong. Besides I really like work, and I am not at all afraid of it. And when one is not rich one *must* work," she repeated

insistently, as if the fact of finding ears to which she might uncontradictedly express that sentiment was in itself a relief.

We had by this time reached the gate, and were looking over it on to the road. As usual at this hour of the afternoon the latter was filled with a labyrinthine crowd of equipages of all sorts, sizes, and conditions. Smart-looking phaetons belonging generally to the more well-to-do of the local officials—gentlemen in tight kid gloves, who sat spruce and stiff beside effectively attired ladies reclining consciously upon their cushions; shabby *fiacres* packed with dishevelled tourists fresh from the steamboats and Europe; a diligence bound for El Biar, its top covered with white-robed Arabs, their dark, bearded faces lifted impassively above the crowd; a cart piled with brown earth, on the top of which a negro, with a scarlet blanket around his shoulders, sat munching oranges out of a basket which he held between his knees. All these various conveyances and their various freights passed us by in motley succession, mixed up with the usual running accompaniment of donkeys and donkey-boys, besides foot-passengers of both sexes, and some six or seven nationalities. Presently the toot of a coaching-horn was heard in the distance, and a few minutes after Hargrave's break appeared in sight, driven by the elated Marmaduke, who sat aloft in state, his mentor Tummins from behind keeping a watchful eye upon his proceedings. Hargrave saw us, and took off his hat to Miss Bonson as he passed, who on her side responded with a bow and a sudden flush, following the break with her eyes until it vanished out of sight. There was something suggestive and even a little dramatic, I thought, in this sudden apparition following so closely upon my companion's recent sentiments, an idea which may perhaps have occurred to her also, for she turned almost immediately afterwards back from the gate, while I pursued my way homeward up the hill.

I was in no particular hurry about returning to the château, but as it was still hot and dusty, I got into one of those passing omnibuses which discharge their passengers about half-way up the ascent, leaving which I was leisurely mounting the road when young Bonson passed upon the opposite footpath without apparently seeing me, and hurried down in the direction I had just left.

"You contrived to get rid of your charioteer remarkably early to-day," I said to John, whom I found standing at his own

hall door. "I met him tearing down hill just now like a maniac."

"Yes, I know, I have been a fool," he said, with an air of vexation. "He has been plaguing me for the last week, as you know, to take him to L'Aghouat, and this afternoon—half an hour ago in fact—purely to get rid of him I said yes, I would, on one condition, not dreaming for a minute that he would try to put in into execution; and almost before the words were out of my mouth he tore away home, as you saw."

"To ask his mamma's permission?" I said inquiringly, seeing that he hesitated.

"Yes, that—and, well, something else besides. However, there's no use in talking about it, as of course it will come to nothing," and he turned abruptly away in the direction of the orangery.

I was rather puzzled, but was not very long left to speculate as to his meaning, for about an hour after, as we were just going to dress for dinner, the door opened, and young Bonson burst upon us like a tornado.

"All right, Hargrave; yes, she says she'll go! Now, you won't back out of it, will you? You can't after that!" he shouted.

John got up from his chair, looking more excited than I had ever, I think, seen him look before.

"Are you sure of what you are saying, Bonson? Did your sister *really* say that she would come too?" he said quickly. "Be certain. Probably you are making a mistake?"

"A mistake! Nothing of the sort. At first, you know, of course, she hummed and hawed a bit; girls always do; but my mother joined in and said she'd better go; and I—well, I told her she'd better go too," the young man admitted ingenuously; "so at last she said all right she would, and that I could tell you so."

Hargrave still looked anything but satisfied.

"I am certain that you've tormented her into it, and that she has simply sacrificed herself to please you," he said in a tone of vexation.

"No, I tell you no—nothing of the sort. Give you my word and honor, Hargrave, I never tormented her a bit, not an atom. She'd be as much disappointed as any of us now, you may take your oath of that, if you were to back out of it," he added, evidently by way of clinching the matter.

"I have not the least wish to back out," John said coldly. "I only wish to



make sure that your sister is not a victim in the matter."

"Well, then, that's all right, since I tell you she's not. And it's just the time of year for L'Aghouat too. Those two fellows at the Hôtel d'Orient went last month, and said they'd no end of a lark. We'll take the break too, won't we, Hargrave?" he continued confidently.

"We shall do nothing of the sort," John said decidedly. "It would be utterly unsafe; the roads are not fit for it. It would be impossible too to get relays of horses. The thing, in short, is out of the question. If we go at all we go in the wagonette."

Marmaduke's face fell, while mine probably as visibly rose. It was evident that he had been inflating himself with a beautiful vision of his own achievements as a charioteer, conducting four horses with *éclat* over the passes of the Atlas Mountains amid the loud tooting of the horn, and the excited shouts of an enraptured population; and the idea was far too glorious a one to be relinquished without a pang.

"Stuff!" he said sullenly. "There are any number of horses to be had, you may be sure, if you only choose to pay for them. It will be awfully slow work going poking about in that stupid old wagonette like any common tourists. I don't see any particular sense in our going at all if we don't take the break."

"Very well, then, we need *not* go at all," Hargrave said quietly. "Probably your sister will be able to reconcile herself to the deprivation," he added significantly.

Whether this was the case or not, it immediately became evident that her brother would not; and he began promptly persecuting Hargrave definitely to fix the day, so that there might be no possible danger of any further hitch. Little as I liked the inspiration under which the expedition was set on foot, I was naturally not ill pleased at the notion. I had as yet seen nothing of the country, except in the immediate neighborhood of Algiers; and to go for an expedition of a week or ten days, to cross the Atlas, to get glimpses perhaps of the Sahara, at all events to see Arab life under new combinations and more favorable conditions than I had yet done, was an idea that could hardly fail to smile upon a man and a painter, whose opportunities for anything of this sort had hitherto been of the scantiest. Before separating that evening, therefore, it was decided that the expedition should take place, weather permitting, upon the following Tuesday week.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WE START FOR THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

AFTER this young Bonson pervaded the château more steadily than ever. At no hour, in fact, of the day or night, did we seem safe from his persistent presence. He would arrive shortly after breakfast, and it was midnight often before he could be gently ejected from the door. How Hargrave put up with his exactions, or why the servants did not threaten to leave in a body, was more than I could ever understand.

Miss Bonson, on the other hand, remained during the same period absolutely invisible. Twice I called at the villa El Hadjadj, in hopes of being permitted to see the rest of the portfolio, but on each occasion was denied access. When at last the day appointed for our expedition arrived, Hargrave despatched a servant early in the morning to secure rooms, and convey his and my luggage, thus leaving the not over-superfluous space in the wagonette free for that of the remaining travellers; and a little before eleven o'clock — the hour already agreed upon for our start — we took our places in that conveyance, and drove down the long hill and up the short ascent leading to Mrs. Bonson's door.

As that aperture proved to be standing hospitably open, there was no occasion for us to knock or ring, and accordingly we sat patiently in the sunshine while a confused hubbub of opening and shutting doors, running up and down stairs, pulling about of trunks, and such like notes of preparation were making themselves audible overhead.

The first to appear was Miss Bonson, who apologized formally for her brother's non-appearance, "he had been out late the night before," she said, "but would not be very long now. She wore on this occasion a closely fitting brown travelling-dress, which suited her admirably, and looked strikingly handsome; but though she carried a small bag in one hand, and a railway rug over her arm, her expression was entirely wanting in that look of alert and festive preparation which might seem to befit the occasion. On the contrary, there was an air of constraint and reserve about her which I had not observed previously, and which I could see produced at once its effect upon Hargrave, who, at sight of her, had sprung down, and advanced to relieve her of her various burdens.

The sun was blazing hotly; the two

dusty-leaved acacias which stood on either side of the door offering the least efficient protection against its rays. It was by far the hottest day there had been since my arrival in Algiers, with something of electrical oppressiveness in the tension of the air, and in the brooding glow of the landscape, the precipitous line of rocks which ridge in the western side of the Mustapha slope showing a red and heated surface above the pallid foliage.

When at length Marmaduke appeared, followed by his mamma, his appearance fully corroborated his sister's account of the cause of his previous delay. Mrs. Bonson, who wore a diaphanous black garment with a great many ponderous silver bangles, which clanked together metallically when she moved, undulated around her son, waving her jewelled fingers, and appealing now to him, and now to Hargrave upon his behalf: "You *will* not let him exhaust himself, will you, dear Mr. Hargrave?" she exclaimed pleadingly. "I may *trust* you, may I not? *Promise* me that you will never allow him to remain in the sun even for a single instant? He is so careless about himself; so thoughtless; young men, I suppose, *are*. I have made him get a sun helmet, as you see, but at best they are, in my opinion, but a very inefficient preservative against the climate. Now a turban —"

The horses were by this time beginning to grow restless; Miss Bonson had already mounted to her own place; the luggage was being stowed away wherever it could be induced to go, one apoplectic portmanteau, the property of Marmaduke, which declined to go anywhere else, having to be deposited, to every one's inconvenience, upon the seat. The brown-faced domestic ran to open the lower gate of the garden; young Bonson wriggled himself away from his affectionate parent's embrace; Hargrave promised hastily anything and everything that was required of him; the wheels crunched over the neglected gravel, and we were at last off, and speeding over the main route, then along a narrower and less frequented road, which took us up and down that long succession of slopes which leads the wayfarer from the Sahel to the plains.

Looking back from the top of our first declivity, the town rose dazzlingly behind us, the serried walls of the old pirate citadel, innocent at this distance of any taint of dirt or decadence, lifting their snowy ridges against the thirsty hills. A warm breeze was blowing; the ships in the harbor seemed to be rocking gently to and

fro, as they lay at anchor. For an instant the whole vividly tinted panorama — the villa-haunted slopes of Mustapha, the town with its quays, the harbor thrusting grey arms squarely into the sea, the sea itself with its scattered population of boats — all stood out with the distinctness of a vision. The next a corner was turned; we had shot down the first long steep slope; city, harbor, sea, had all vanished, replaced by the lonely greenness of the hillside; by grotesque companies of cactuses; by sturdy, much-contorted palmettos and long, glaucous processions of aloes, leading away into the distance, with here and there the candelabra-like skeleton of last year's blossom rising sentinel-fashion along the line.

It was pretty cool, as long as we remained upon the Sahel, but as we descended deeper and deeper the heat increased; the breeze vanished with the vanishing sight of the sea; hot, mist-laden exhalations rose from the more swampy parts of the plain. Hardly any people seemed at work, and except the sharp click of the horses' feet, and the rattle of the wheels, a silence gathered round us that was oppressive. By the time we stopped at Bonfarik, however, their veiled greyness had grown into something like distinctness, and over the nearer slopes we could see the water-worn channels diverging hither and thither in all directions, like the veins upon an aged hand.

Here, under the shade of the trees which line the road, the heat to some degree lost its hold, and we lingered so long that it was already six o'clock by the time we reached Blidah, the place where our first night's halt was to be made. The last hour had been cloudy, and as we rattled over the ill-paved street and drew up at our hotel, a sullen mutter of thunder was going on overhead, mingling with the noise of voices and the braying of a military band, sounds strange to us after our twenty miles of silence and isolation. Dinner over, we sauntered into the square, where it was proposed that I should be taken to see such sights as were to be seen. As we were about to start with this intention, however, Hargrave's groom came up and asked to speak to him, and accordingly he turned back to the hotel, begging us to wait, as he would return in a minute.

Having waited more than ten times that period and finding that he did not reappear, we sauntered on along a couple of streets, sparsely lighted by stray twinkling lights, where the clink of a spurred boot,

or the muffled, slipshod shuffling of slippers, alone revealed the nationality of the passer-by. Blidah people appear to keep astonishingly early hours; although it was now only nine o'clock, nearly everybody seemed abed. Guided, however, by the twanging of some stringed instruments and the intermittent thumping of a tumtum, we presently halted before a curtain which hung in front of a doorway, and on either side of which the light streamed invitingly.

Marmaduke twitched the curtain a little aside, and through the chink so made his sister and I could to some extent see what was taking place inside. Apparently some sort of concert was progressing. We could see a platform and a man seated upon it, who appeared to be reciting some song or chant to the monstrous accompaniment of the instrument which he held in his hands.

Young Bonson, with whom patience was not a marked characteristic, soon grew tired, however, of his office of curtain-holder.

"You'd better go in, if you're so deuced anxious to know what they're at," he said impatiently. "I can't go on holding this great lumbering thing all night, you know."

He pulled the curtain suddenly aside as he spoke, so that Miss Bonson, who was standing nearest to it, almost involuntarily made a step forward; I followed, and we found ourselves inside.

It was a very ordinary Café Maure. A number of men, smoking and drinking coffee, were sitting at small tables, or reposing on couches ranged around the walls. Besides the man we had already seen, a couple of Mauresque women, unveiled and rouged, were sitting upon the platform, alternately shaking and thumping their drums in an intermittent and, as it seemed to us, a perfectly irrelevant accompaniment to his strains; a big paraffin lamp, which swung just above where we were standing, lighting up the not very brilliant or enthralling scene.

I have since been told that these songs are invariably hideously improper, but considering the language in which it was couched and the place at which it was sung, it might just as well have been the Ten Commandments, or a page of the Koran, or anything else of the kind, for aught I, or probably any of our party, could tell to the contrary. Our curiosity satisfied, we were upon the point of re-

treating, when the curtain was again pulled aside and Hargrave entered.

Then, for the first time, it was that I realized the fact that Hargrave had a temper. Never, I think, before or since, have I seen a man look so angry. He was positively inarticulate with fury, his usually ruddy complexion white for the moment with suppressed rage. Holding the curtain widely open he signalled imperiously to us to pass out, an order which, under the circumstances, it would have required some courage to resist, and another moment saw us all four standing in the empty street.

Then, like a lion, he turned upon the hapless Marmaduke.

"How dare you take your sister into such a place, sir?" he thundered, towering over that puny youth as if about to annihilate him in his wrath.

"But I assure you, Hargrave — upon my soul and honor I assure you — I never took her in at all," the injured Marmaduke almost whimpered. "She went in of her own accord — quite of her own accord. Didn't you, Hildegard?"

"Certainly I went in of my own accord," Miss Bonson corroborated, in a different tone. "And what if I did, Mr. Hargrave?"

John's anger collapsed almost as suddenly as it had arisen.

"I beg your pardon," he answered meekly, "but please believe me when I say it was *not* a fit place for you to go to — it was not, indeed. Your brother does not know. Pray in any similar case be guided by me in future," he added entreatingly.

Miss Bonson continued to frown, but her frown lost its severity; an odd expression, half puzzled, half offended, yet not, as it seemed, entirely displeased, crossing her face. She appeared to be upon the point of speaking again. Suddenly, however, she changed her mind, and, turning abruptly away, walked rapidly in the direction of the hotel, and we three followed silently. Arrived there, she disappeared at once to her own room, while Hargrave, whose wrath evidently burned nearly as hotly against me as against Bonson, silently lit his candle and departed almost immediately after in the opposite direction, leaving that young gentleman and myself to entertain one another. And so ended the first evening of our pleasure excursion!

From Chambers' Journal.  
ROBBING THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

It is somewhat remarkable, that until 1758—a period of sixty-five years from the foundation of the Bank—no attempt was made to imitate its notes; in other words, bank-note forgery was as yet un-invented. The doubtful honor of having led the way in this particular belongs to one Richard William Vaughan. There is an element of romance about his story. In August, 1757, a gentleman named Bliss, residing in London, advertised for a clerk. Among others, Vaughan, then aged twenty-six, offered himself, and was accepted. He was of good address and education, though he had made but an indifferent use of his advantages. He had started as a linen-draper in Stafford, with a branch establishment in Aldersgate Street, London; but had failed, and at the time of his engagement by Mr. Bliss, was an uncertificated bankrupt. This, however, his employer was not at first made aware of; and in the mean time, the young adventurer succeeded in winning the affections of a niece of Mr. Bliss, a young lady of some expectations. Mr. Bliss was induced, after some pressure, to consent to their marriage, conditionally upon Vaughan's first clearing himself from his difficulties and showing that he was in a position to marry. Vaughan expressed himself confident of speedily meeting these requirements; and shortly afterwards announced that his relatives had agreed to lend him a helping hand; that his discharge from bankruptcy would be forthwith granted; and that immediately afterwards he would start afresh in business.

Meanwhile, in support of his assertions, he showed his lady-love, and indeed placed in her keeping, twelve alleged Bank of England notes for twenty pounds each. The wedding day was fixed for Easter Monday (1758), some three weeks later. In the mean time, however, an engraver, whom Vaughan, under an assumed name, had commissioned to engrave part of the plates for the notes, suspecting something wrong, gave information to the police. Vaughan was arrested, and spent his intended wedding day in the "condemned cell," under sentence of death for forgery. At the trial, it was urged in his defence that the forged notes were not intended to be put in circulation, but merely to be used as a means of deluding Miss Bliss and her family. It was shown, however, that the twelve notes deposited formed only a part of those actually printed, and

that Vaughan had endeavored to induce one John Ballingar to cash some of them. The defence therefore failed, and Vaughan was hanged.

The imitation of the bank-note at that date was a much easier matter than it is at present, the note itself being a very rough affair and only partly engraved; the amount, the name of the payee, and the signature of the cashier being supplied in writing. Vaughan's appears to have been an extremely clumsy imitation, not even an attempt being made to imitate the water-mark, which is one of the special signs of a genuine note. Unfortunately, the feasibility of imitation once shown, there were plenty to follow and to improve upon his example. There was, however, no attempt at bank-note forgery on a large scale until the year 1780, when a note was one day presented at the Bank, and was cashed in ordinary course. The paper, the watermark, the engraving, and the signatures, all were in perfect order. Indeed, so complete was the deception, that it was only when the note was about to be posted to the ledger appropriate to returned notes of that particular date, that it was found to be a duplicate of a note already returned, and consequently a forgery.

It may be here explained that all notes of any given date are always of the same denomination, and that each issue consists of one hundred thousand notes, numbered from one (written 000001) upwards. Thus, before us is a five-pound note bearing date the 30th of June, 1884. Any one conversant with the system on which the notes of the Bank of England are issued would know at once that no genuine note of any other denomination (that is, of any amount other than five pounds) can bear that particular date, and that of that date there have been one hundred thousand notes printed, each for five pounds. To keep account of these, a ledger lettered on the back to correspond with the particular series (say, "Fives, 30 June 1884") is prepared, ruled with horizontal and vertical lines, so as to form on each page two hundred rectangular spaces. These are numbered consecutively throughout the book from one to one hundred thousand. As each note is returned to the Bank, the date of its return is entered in the corresponding space in this ledger. A forger, manufacturing, say, five-pound notes, will take care to use a date when a series of five-pound notes was actually issued; and will further take care that the number shall be one between one and one hundred

thousand, or the imitation would be at once detected by any skilled person. Assuming that the note is so well executed as to pass the cashiers, it is sure to be discovered when it reaches the "Returned Note" department, if the true note bearing the same number has already been presented at the Bank, as it would then be seen that there were duplicate notes of that particular number.

Such was the case with the note in question. The attention of the cashiers once called to the matter, it would have been thought that either the presentation of the forged notes would cease, or that the detection of the forger would be an easy matter. But it was not so. Similar notes continued to be presented; but the identity of the forger remained a mystery. Lotteries were in vogue at that day, and the notes were generally traced to one or other of the lottery offices; but there the clue failed. At last, however, a note being traced to one of these offices, the keepers reported that they had received it from a young man named Samuel, living in a street off the Strand. The police went to the address given, and found the young man, who admitted changing the note at the lottery office as alleged, but declared that he had merely done so by order of his master. He stated that having seen in the *Daily Advertiser* an advertisement for a servant, he applied for the situation, addressing his reply, as directed, to a certain coffee-house; and that, a day or two later, he was called out from his lodgings, to see the advertiser, who was waiting in a coach outside. He found in the coach an aged gentleman, with a patch over one eye, and with one foot swathed in bandages, as if from gout. The old gentleman informed him that his name was Brank; that he required a servant for a ward of his, a young nobleman, just then absent from town; and after a few preliminaries, made an appointment for Samuel to call upon him at his lodgings in Great Titchfield Street. He did so; when the *soi-disant* Brank informed him that his ward had an unfortunate mania for speculating in lotteries, and that one of Samuel's chief occupations would be purchasing tickets for this purpose. By way of beginning, Brank handed him a note for twenty pounds, with instructions to purchase an eight-pound chance in the drawing then commencing, and to meet him with the ticket at the door of the Parliament Street Coffee-house. This done, he gave him two more notes, to be used in the

same way, telling him to meet him afterwards at the City Coffee-house, Cheap-side. On his way thither, he was hailed from a coach by his venerable employer and intrusted with four hundred pounds more, to be expended in like manner at different offices; and at the end of the day, notes to the amount of fourteen hundred pounds had been thus placed in circulation. The next day, notes for twelve hundred pounds were got rid of in like manner; and the day following, five hundred more. In negotiating this last parcel of notes, Samuel was asked to write down his name and address; and this led, as we have seen, to his arrest.

The police being satisfied that Samuel spoke the truth, left him in his lodgings, instructing him to report to them when he next heard from his mysterious employer. A day or two later, he received a letter, requesting him to meet Mr. Brank at a certain coffee-house at eleven o'clock the next day. He went to the coffee-house indicated, two officers in disguise closely following him. He was a few minutes late, and was told that a porter had been inquiring for him. He waited at the coffee-house for some time; but in vain. The mysterious Brank had somehow taken the alarm. A raid was made upon the lodgings in Great Titchfield Street; but the supposed Brank had not been there for some days. Rewards were offered for his apprehension, and his description—in the "patch" disguise—circulated in the public prints; but in vain.

For five years paper forged by the same hand continued to be presented, and the Bank authorities were at their wits' end, when, fortunately for them, the ingenious forger hit on a new form of fraud, which led to his capture. A custom at that time prevailed at the Bank of England, that when a person paid in gold to be exchanged for notes, he did not in the first instance receive the notes themselves, but only a ticket showing the amount, which was exchanged at another counter for the notes. "On the 17th of December" (1785), it is stated in a newspaper of the day, "ten pounds was paid into the Bank, for which the clerk, as usual, gave a ticket to receive a bank-note of equal value. This ticket ought to have been carried immediately to the cashier; instead of which, the bearer took it home, added a 0 to the original sum, and returning, presented it so altered to the cashier, for which he received a note of one hundred pounds. In the evening, the clerks found



a deficiency in the accounts; and on examining the tickets of the day, not only that, but two others were found to have been altered in the same manner. In the one, the figure 1 was altered to 4, and in another to 5, by which the artist received upon the whole near one thousand pounds."

The numbers of the notes issued had, in usual course, been taken down, and it may be imagined that their return was watched for with much interest. At last one of them was presented, and was traced to a highly respectable silversmith. He was interrogated, and stated that he received the note from a gentleman who gave frequent entertainments on a grand scale, and was in the habit of hiring plate in large quantities of him for that purpose. A police officer was stationed in the house; and at his next visit the hospitable customer was arrested, and was found to be the forger who had so long baffled all attempts to discover him.

This man, Charles Price, the son of a slopseller in St. Giles', had in his time "played many parts." He first appears as a runaway apprentice; then as a gentleman's servant, in which capacity he travelled all over Europe, and doubtless picked up much useful information. He then started as a brewer, became bankrupt; then a distiller, and was sent to the King's Bench prison for defrauding the revenue. He then turned brewer again; then lottery-office keeper; then stockbroker; again became bankrupt; and then opened another lottery office, this, his last public venture, being in King Street, Covent Garden. From this date (1780) he disappears from public life, preferring thenceforth "to blush unseen," and to devote his whole energies to his lucrative warfare against the money bags of the Bank of England. His only assistants were his wife and a Mrs. Pounteney, a relative of his wife, in whose house he executed the mechanical part of his forgeries, and who acted as a spy to watch the person employed to utter the notes, that Price might be warned in time of any hitch in the proceedings. When Price was taken, he made a full confession. It appeared that during the five years 1780-1785, he had passed under no less than fifty different names, and nearly as many different disguises. Now, however, the game was up, and Price felt that it was so. Before the date at which he should have been brought to trial, he hanged himself in his cell.

Another eminent forger was John Math-

ison, originally a watchmaker at Gretna Green. Having acquired, as a recreation, the art of engraving, he developed unusual skill therein. He had also an extraordinary facility for imitating handwriting. These accomplishments he employed in imitating, first, the notes of the Darlington Bank, then those of the Royal Bank of Edinburgh; and finally, coming to London, he began upon the notes of the Bank of England. As a proof of his extraordinary energy, we may mention that within ten days of his arrival in London, he had begun to utter forged notes, having in the mean time bought the copper, engraved the plates, forged the watermark, and printed the notes. He paid frequent visits to the bank, exchanging gold for notes, or notes of one denomination for another, to serve as models for his fraudulent imitations. On one of these occasions a large sum of money was being paid in by the excise. A question was raised by the teller as to the goodness of one of the notes. Mathison, standing by, pronounced, without hesitation, that it was a good one, which proved to be the case. So remarkable a display of knowledge on the part of an outsider called attention to the volunteer expert. The clerk remembered Mathison as a frequent changer of notes; and this incident led to his apprehension and subsequent conviction. He offered, if his life were spared, to reveal the secret of his process for imitating the watermark; but the offer was not accepted, and he suffered the usual penalty for his offence.

In the year 1797, in consequence of a scarcity of gold, the Bank of England was for the first time authorized to issue one-pound notes, and this led to an enormous increase in the number of forgeries. During six years prior to this date there had been but one capital conviction for forgery. During the four years next following this issue of the one-pound note there were *eighty-five*. This was doubtless attributable to the increased number of notes in circulation, the freedom with which they passed from hand to hand; the length of time during which they circulated without presentation, and the fact that, unlike the five-pound notes, their circulation was not confined to the well-to-do and educated classes, but was in a great degree among poor and ignorant persons, who were not likely to detect a spurious imitation. In 1808, the police unearthed, at Birmingham, a regular factory of these notes, whence they were issued wholesale at six

shillings in the pound on their nominal value. The forgers, thirteen in number, were arrested; and notes to the amount of ten thousand pounds were seized on the premises.

In the mean time, a fraud of even greater magnitude had been perpetrated within the bank itself by one of its most trusted servants. In 1803, a Mr. Bish, a stock-broker, was instructed by Mr. Robert Astlett, cashier of the Bank of England, to dispose of some exchequer bills, which, from certain circumstances, Bish knew to be in the official custody of the bank. His suspicions being thus aroused, he communicated with the directors; and it was found that Astlett, who had charge of all exchequer bills brought into the bank, and should have transferred them, in parcels properly docketed, to the custody of the directors, had succeeded in diverting a large number of them to his own uses, his defalcations amounting to no less than three hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Astlett was tried for his offence, and was sentenced to death; but the sentence was never carried into effect. The prisoner remained in Newgate for many years; but whether he died in prison, we do not find recorded.

Passing over the great Stock Exchange frauds of 1814, as a matter in which the bank was only indirectly interested, we come to the forgeries of Fauntleroy, which, from their magnitude and the position of the offender, produced an extraordinary sensation. Henry Fauntleroy had succeeded his father as a partner in the banking firm of Marsh, Stracy & Co. The firm was unfortunate; and Fauntleroy speculated largely on the Stock Exchange in the hope of improving its fortunes, but actually involved himself thereby in still greater difficulties. To meet these, he forged powers of attorney enabling him to deal with funded securities belonging to various clients, from time to time replacing one fund by the proceeds of a later forgery. He began in May, 1815, with a power of attorney empowering Messrs. Marsh & Co. to sell out a sum of three thousand pounds consols. It is an every day occurrence for clients to give such powers to their bankers, and the one in question appeared to be in perfect order. It purported to be executed by the fundholder, one Frances Young, of Chichester, and to be attested by two of the clerks of Messrs. Marsh & Co. The power was presented at the Bank of England. There was nothing to excite sus-

picion, and the document was acted on in ordinary course. From this date up to 1824, the presentation of such powers by Messrs. Marsh & Co. became a matter of frequent occurrence, and very large sums were thus obtained. At last a crash came. Henry Fauntleroy was joint trustee with some other gentlemen of certain moneys invested in the three per cents. One of the trustees chancing to call at the bank to make some inquiry respecting the trust fund, found, to his horror, that it had been sold out, under an alleged power of attorney, by Mr. Fauntleroy. In consequence of his communication to the bank authorities, the whole of the powers acted upon by Marsh & Co. were investigated, and a great part of them were found to be forged. On the 9th of September, 1824, Fauntleroy was arrested in his own banking-house. He offered the officer who arrested him *ten thousand pounds* if he would connive at his escape; but in vain. On searching his private office, a box was found containing a long list of forgeries, with a memorandum in the following words: "In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney, and have therefore sold out all these sums, without the knowledge of any of my partners. I have given credit in the accounts for the interest when it became due. (Signed) HENRY FAUNTLEROY." It is said that at the moment of his apprehension he had ready a fresh power of attorney, by means of which he would have been enabled to replace the stock whose absence led to the discovery. The amount of loss to the Bank of England by Fauntleroy's forgeries is said to have been no less than three hundred and sixty thousand pounds. He was executed at Newgate on November 30, 1824.

For some years after this date, forgery continued to be a capital offence; but there was a growing feeling against the severity of the punishment. In 1832 a bill was passed abolishing the capital penalty in the case of all forgeries save those of wills and powers of attorney; and in 1837 these also ceased to be capital offences.

In 1844, a very ingenious fraud was perpetrated, with the curious result of restoring to the rightful owner a large sum of money of whose very existence she was not aware. In the year 1815, a Mr. Slack died, leaving a Mr. Hulme his executor. Mr. Hulme, in the course of his duties as such, transferred into the name of Ann Slack, of Smith Street, Chelsea, six thou-

sand six hundred pounds consols, and three thousand five hundred pounds three per cent. reduced annuities. During Mr. Hulme's lifetime, he received the dividends on both funds, and Miss Slack drew on him for money as she needed it. Upon his death in 1832, Miss Slack resolved thenceforth to receive her dividends herself, but only did so as regarded the six thousand six hundred pounds consols, not being aware, apparently, that she was also entitled to the three thousand five hundred pounds. This state of things continued from 1832 to 1842, when the three thousand five hundred pounds reduced annuities, with ten years' dividends, were transferred, as unclaimed, to the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt. The fact of the transfer being known to a clerk in the bank, one William Christmas, he communicated it to one Joshua Fletcher, who forthwith concocted a scheme for possessing himself of the amount. With the aid of a solicitor named Barber, he ascertained that Ann Slack was still alive, and managed to obtain a specimen of her signature. He then registered Ann Slack as deceased, first, however, forging a will in her name purporting to bequeath the sum in question to a supposed niece, Emma Slack. This will was duly proved, and the probate lodged at the Bank of England. A woman named Sanders personated the supposed Emma Slack. The three thousand five hundred pounds was sold out, and the proceeds paid to her, together with the unclaimed dividends, amounting to about eleven hundred pounds. The conspirators had carried their plan through very cleverly; but they had overlooked one point. The will only professed to bequeath the reduced annuities, and consequently these only had been dealt with; but as the bank authorities knew that Ann Slack had also possessed a fund in consols, they, in accordance with their usual practice, placed "deceased" against her name in the title of that account. When an account is "dead"—that is, stands in the name of a deceased person—no addition can be made to it. Ann Slack, shortly afterwards, desiring to add more stock to this account, was informed, to her astonishment, that she was dead. To prove that she was not so, she presented herself at the bank with ample proof of her identity. Fletcher and Barber were tried, and found guilty. The money was gone; but Ann Slack notwithstanding received her full due, the loss being borne by the government.

The last great fraud by which the Bank of England has been a sufferer was that of Austin Bidwell and his accomplices. On the 18th of April, 1872, Austin Bidwell called upon a tailor named Green, in Savile Row, and under the assumed name of Warren, gave him a handsome order. On May 4, he paid Mr. Green another visit. He was then professedly on his way to Ireland, and having about him a large sum of money, asked Green to take charge of it during his absence. Green hesitated to take the responsibility, but remarked that the branch Bank of England was in Burlington Gardens close by, and offered to introduce Warren there. This was done; and Warren opened an account by a deposit of twelve hundred pounds. He gave his name as "Frederick Albert Warren," and his address as *Golden Cross Hotel*. He paid in and drew out moneys to a considerable amount, and shortly began to offer bills for discount. They bore the best of names, and were discounted without hesitation. On the 17th of June, 1873, a bill of Rothschild's for four thousand five hundred pounds was offered, and was discounted in due course.

Having thus gained, by transactions in genuine bills, the confidence of the Bank authorities, the supposed Warren commenced operations of another kind. Bills came in thick and fast for discount, still bearing the same first-class names—Rothschild, Blydenstein, Suse and Sibeth, etc.; but they were now cleverly executed forgeries. The Bank continued to discount without suspicion. Naturally, however, it paid in its own notes, of which the numbers were recorded, and which, when it was discovered that the bills were forged, would be difficult to realize. Bidwell, in order to dispose of these and to diminish the chances of identification, opened an account in another name (Horton) at the Continental Bank. Here he paid in the notes received from the Bank of England, taking French and German money in exchange; Hills—under the name of Noyes—acting as his clerk. Sometimes, by way of variety, Hills changed notes into gold at the Bank of England itself, alleging that the coin was for export; but the gold so obtained was brought back again by Macdonnell, and exchanged for fresh notes, which, thus obtained, would have no obvious connection with the original fraud. George Bidwell undertook what may be called the manufacturing department, namely, the

preparation of the plates, and the printing of the bill-forms for the forgeries. By thus dividing their labors, and working each in a distinct department of the fraud, the gang hoped to evade discovery until they had made what they regarded as a sufficient haul, when they would doubtless have retired to foreign climes to enjoy the fruits of their labors. How much further they would have gone it is impossible to say, for they had already offered forged bills to the amount of £102,217, 19s. 7d., when a happy oversight led to their detection. Two bills for one thousand pounds each, professedly accepted by Messrs. Blydenstein, and payable three months after "sight," were not "sighted" — that is, the date of acceptance was not inserted. A clerk of the Bank was sent to Messrs. Blydenstein's to get the omission rectified, and was met by the startling information that the bills were forgeries. With some little trouble, the whole of the gang were arrested, and after a trial lasting eight days, were convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude.

The cases we have described afford an unusually forcible illustration of the good old-fashioned maxim, that "Honesty is the best policy." If dishonesty ever were a paying game, it should be in the case of such men as these, with so much ability employed, playing for such heavy stakes, and with schemes so carefully planned. And yet, what must the life of such a schemer be? Fauntleroy, we are told, did for years the *work of three clerks*, in order to conceal his frauds. Fare as sumptuously, entertain as lavishly as he may, the schemer must live with every nerve strained, in constant dread of detection, ever feeling the thief-taker's hand on his collar, the steel of the handcuffs upon his wrists. In most instances, he does not derive even a transient benefit from his crime. Where there is a temporary success, as in the case of Fauntleroy, the proceeds of one forgery are perforce devoted to make good another, or the money gained by fraud is squandered in unprofitable speculations. And sooner or later, the end is sure to come. The most watchful of men cannot be always on his guard. Some day, a little slip is made, perhaps the mere omission of a date, as in Bidwell's case, or an incautious remark, as in that of Mathison, and then — the dock and a violent death, or, even under the present merciful *régime*, long years spent in the convict's garb, living on convict's fare, and herding with the very dregs of humanity.

From The Spectator.

#### GEORGE ELIOT'S HUMOR.

THE dramatic humor which has gained so much admiration for George Eliot's stories, and which is so conspicuous by its absence from her letters and journals, seems to most readers to be of a kind which would have been likely to make itself visible in almost every hour and every personal action of her life. As a matter of fact, we now know that it was not so, — that it was a sort of latent heat which was given out chiefly under the conditions of creative fiction. In her ordinary life, the reflective and elaborate considerateness of the woman so predominated over all she did and thought, that you observe nothing else, — no sparkling colors of prismatic imagination, no vision of the scenes she had herself observed in one aspect, under the manifold lights in which the various characters she could create would have observed them. When you turn to her books, and consider how, in "Silas Marner," the good-natured, husky butcher at the Rainbow mildly represents the imputations of the quarrelsome farrier, and limits himself to contending that the "red Durham" cow had turned out "a lovely carkiss," though he "would quarrel with no man;" when you remember in "Felix Holt" how Mrs. Holt, when she thought of the obstinacy of her son Felix in refusing to wear a cravat, and insisting on wearing a workman's cap, mentally refers to these grievances even in chapel time, "with a slow shake of the head at several passages in the minister's prayer;" or recall in "The Mill on the Floss" how the sister who "holds by a spot" on her tablecloths looks down upon the sister who held by "big checks and live things" on her linen, you can hardly believe that in three volumes of such an author's letters there is not a trace of that pleasure in looking at the world through all sorts of grotesque media, which you naturally ascribe to a writer with so great a command of the varieties of human limitation and human caprice. The fact, however, appears to be, that not only was this great command of dramatic insight not habitually used, and certainly not the resource of every idle hour, but that it was not habitually even usable, that George Eliot needed the sense of pressure belonging to the constructive work of a particular plot, and of particular local and personal details, before she was able to summon up before her the vivid life with which she so often delights us. When she got her imagination to the exact point

where a butcher's feelings about the "car-kiss" of a "red Durham" are wanted, the butcher's feelings about that carcase came to her in the most vivid and complete way. When she had to ask herself how the pious widow of a quack medicine vendor would defend her husband for selling those quack medicines, and mix up irrelevant texts from the Bible with her pious commemoration of the deceased quack, George Eliot could reproduce the widow's feelings with a delightful fertility that gives one the highest sense both of her realism and of her humor. But, so far as we can judge, when the necessity for calling up these figures, under the special conditions of time and place, was not upon her, George Eliot did not possess a fancy that created them merely for her own behoof and amusement. She had an imagination that required preparing by special effort, by a careful combination of concurrent elements, before it indulged her with these lifelike visions. She did not suddenly see a political situation, as Mr. Brooke would have seen it, and burst into laughter at his naïf slipshodness; she did not suddenly get a glimpse of life through the Dodson mind, and become convulsed at the spectacle of its grotesque narrowness and arbitrariness. She seems to have gone through life with a view not less monotonously individual and personal, — perhaps even somewhat more monotonously individual and personal, — than other persons greatly her inferior in ability; while the magnificent humor which she could on occasions command, was almost as rarely put in requisition for ordinary purposes as is the spectroscope of the chemist or the telephone of the electrician. It appears from reading George Eliot's letters, that there was a want of life and variety in her ordinary view of the world; that she arranged her impressions too elaborately in certain uniform patterns; and that, barring the occasional use of a little labored irony, she wrote to all her friends in exactly the same style, on exactly the same class of subjects. For example, she talks of Anthony Trollope's "wholesome *Wesens*," though Anthony Trollope suggested nothing less than a German word for "essence;" she speaks of her own "perturbed health," as if "disturbed" were quite too common an adjective for her use; describes her favorite thoughts as "altars where I oftenest go to contemplate;" declares herself "completely upset by anything that arouses unloving emotions;" cries out "Ebenezer" or

"Magnificat anima mea" on small occasions; and writes in this fashion page after page, and letter after letter, till one feels it quite an unexpected relief when she comes out in a letter to John Blackwood with so homely a sample of her own wisdom as this, "An unfortunate duck can only lay blue eggs, however much white ones may be in demand." On the whole, we should say that, while George Eliot is an author of singularly large humor, this quality is more completely latent in her correspondence than it is at all easy to understand.

If we were to hazard a very bold conjecture, it would be that George Eliot's imagination was the real origin of her humor; and that only through the exercise of her imagination, which was deliberate, and more or less a matter of will, — though, when she had made the effort, she had, as she herself said, no power to control the play of her own faculty, — did her humor come to the surface. When she had got Mrs. Poyser well before her mind she could invent Mrs. Poyser's witty sayings almost *ad libitum*; when she had got Mr. Brooke, with his hesitating and good-natured incoherence before her mind, she could make him blunder into stultifications of which only Mr. Brooke could have been capable; when she had Mrs. Pullet or Bob Jakin before her mind, she could prose about the medicine bottles or the keys, or boast of the advantages which a pedlar may derive from a broad thumb, as only these admirable characters could have done it; but she is dependent on a distinct vision of the figure itself for the humor which the figure brings with it; she has none of Charles Lamb's delight in the rapid interchange of associated ideas on her own account; she is not a humorist first and a dramatist afterwards, but a humorist only because she is a dramatist. And then she was a dramatist only when she had all her spells in full working order, and had distinctly realized the figures which she had to create. Then, and not till then, her humor flows in a large stream. But otherwise her humor appears only in the form of a pale irony, — that is, in the light which is cast on general views by the large knowledge she has of the confusions and littlenesses of human nature. Thus it is perfectly characteristic of her own style when she remarks that "the Dissenters solemnly disclaimed any lax expectations that Catholics were likely to be saved;" or when she tells us that "the Independent chapel began to be filled with eager men and women to whom the



exceptional possession of religious truth was the condition which reconciled them to a meagre existence, and made them feel in secure alliance with the unseen but supreme rule of a world in which their own visible part was small." Again, she is entirely in her own vein when she speaks of the "sense of that peculiar edification which belongs to the inexplicable." But George Eliot's irony is not true humor. We may even say that there is in it a thin tone of triumph over the inconsistencies of human nature which is in a totally different key to the hearty laughter of the true humorist. And, therefore, we seldom enjoy that sensation of pins and needles with which she often regales us in the reflective portions of her novels, — the openings of her chapters, — certainly not as we do that large dramatic humor in which she soon loses herself when once she is speaking for characters which have laid a hold of her imagination. Take, for instance, Mrs. Pullet's gloomy reflections as to the incapacity of her husband to unravel the mystery of her keys, in case of her decease: —

"I don't know what you mean to do, sister Glegg, but I mean to give him [Tom] a tablecloth of all my three biggest sizes but one, besides sheets. I don't say what more I shall do; but *that* I shall do, and if I should die tomorrow, Mr. Pullet, you'll bear it in mind, — though you'll be blundering with the keys, and never remember as that on the third shelf of the left-hand wardrobe, behind the nightcaps

with the broad ties — not the narrow-frilled uns — is the key o' the drawer in the Blue Room, where the key o' the Blue Closet is. You'll make a mistake, and I shall never be worthy to know it. You've a memory for my pills and draughts wonderful, I'll always say that of you; but you're lost among the keys." This gloomy prospect of the confusion that would ensue on her decease was very affecting to Mrs. Pullet.

This reflection that Mr. Pullet would make a mistake about the keys, and that Mrs. Pullet, in her spiritual life, "would never be worthy to know it," has the sort of humor in it that Shakespeare himself would have enjoyed to the utmost. But the humor comes of the vision of Mrs. Pullet, and not Mrs. Pullet of the sense of humor. In George Eliot's own life it is only in the thinner irony with which she mocks at human limitations that we see the secondary effect of her dramatic feeling. She herself takes life gravely, monotonously, sometimes almost drearily; and certainly not the less dearly for the little value she attaches to the significance of most human convictions. Her dramatic power plays into the hands of her intellectual scepticism, and of her comprehensive forbearance with all the forms of human error; but otherwise her dramatic power does not play at all a conspicuous part in her own life. It does not even often succeed in breaking through the rather artificial sweetness and elaborateness of her journals and epistles.

THE YOUNG OF THE LOBSTER. — The early life history of the lobster is most interesting. The eggs are, upon extrusion, found attached to the "swimmarets" of the abdomen (the so-called tail of the lobster), and constitute what is generally known as the "berry." A single female lobster will have from twenty to thirty thousand eggs — as nearly as possible the same as the female salmon. Attached to this "berry" form, the eggs remain for some three or four months, and then the young are hatched. "No nutritive or other than a purely mechanical relationship subsists all this time between the parent and its egg-clusters, the passing of its small brush-like claws among them to rid them of any extraneously derived substances, and the occasional fanning motion of its swimmarets to increase the stream of oxygenated water through and among the eggs, representing the sum total of attention they receive." The young animals that issue from the eggs of the lobster are distinct in every way from the adult. If, on the contrary, they were like their parents, they would at once sink to the bottom of the water in the immediate neighborhood

of their birthplace, and the area of their distribution would be extremely limited. Nature here, however, as in the case of the great majority of marine invertebrate animals, has provided her offspring with special facilities for becoming distributed to long distances, their bodies being so lightly constructed that their specific gravity scarcely exceeds that of the fluid medium they inhabit, while they are additionally provided with long, feather-like locomotive organs, with which they swim at or near the surface of the water. As such essentially free-swimming animals, they now spend the entire first month or six weeks of their existence, in which time, it is scarcely necessary to state, they may be carried by the tides and currents many miles away from their places of birth. During this interval, however, the little lobsters by no means retain their primitive shape; their delicate skin, the rudiment of the future shell, is constantly getting too tight for them, and is thrown off to give place to a larger and looser one that differs each time in many structural points from its predecessor.

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